STIRRED EMOTIONS™

entices you
to experience...

Eddie Law

Watch future issues
to make his
acquaintance...

STIRRED EMOTIONS™

AN OPEN FORUM FOR RAW CREATIVITY

The 2nd Annual Halloween Edition

Volume 2 Proudly Presented by Pleazant Dreamz Creations Issue 1

Cover Design:
"The Curse..." by Pleazant (c)1997

October 1997

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In This Issue:

Musically Speaking:
- CHADS THEORY (HEAVEY METAL)
- THE DOGTOWN BALLADEERS (ROCK)
- THE MISTAKES (PUNK)
- SHANNON (GUITARIST FOR DEATH) WITH HIS 1ST SOLO PROJECT AND STIRRED EMOTION'S 1ST TEASER AD FEATURING EDDIE LAW

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- IDLSTA HATT
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- SCHLEP
- JEFFREY L. SMITH

AND AN INVITATION INTO
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AND AN IMMENSE COLLECTION OF EMOTIONAL POETRY (VARIOUS WRITERS)

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- STOP THE PAIN! (CHILD ABUSE, RAPE, SUICIDE...)
- THE LAUGH PAGE
- ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE (THE STARVING ARTIST INTERVIEW PAGE) WITH SCARRED 4 LIFE

In This Issue:

STIRRED EMOTIONS™

AN OPEN FORUM FOR RAW CREATIVITY

Attn: Pleazant C. Noon P.O. Box 1484 Hightstown, NJ 08520 USA Fax: (609) 448-4349
E-mail: PleazantSE@aol.com Http://members.aol.com/PleazantSE/index.html

Happy Halloween!!!

October is truly my favorite time of the year. The brisk mystery and the tricky magic has a reoccurring effect on the very depths of my being. October is the time when I crawl deep down inside and seek out my own soul. To reflect on the past and what I learned from it all... and to begin to make way for the future and what I plan to do with it. And this very month has, once again, allowed me such a chance to rediscover myself. But, this time it is different... perhaps more special. I have found myself uncontrollably beholden by the milestone that has occurred. It was 25 years ago this month that I was given the gift of life. And to have made it to this very moment knowing I am now a quarter of a century year old.... is just the most amazing feeling I could never fully express in spoken word, typewritten print or much less upon these pages. Yet, I attempted....

It is with my most treasured pleasure to present to you a celebration of life. A compilation of our dreams, goals and desires... a darkened look at our pasts, our failures, our regrets.... an enlightened taste of our hearts, our loves as well as our long-sought-after cravings.... a tribute to what we were, who we are and what we strive to become. The creative soul has been unlocked allowing you, the reader, to come in and experience for yourself what we have created... **Welcome to the 1st Issue of Volume 2.... The 2nd Annual Halloween Edition!!** Feast heartily...

As with all the others, I must set aside this space to Thank full-heartedly the caring souls who have gone above and beyond the call of duty. Without the generous donations, help and goodwill by the following... these pages would not be as they are!! First off, I **MUST** Thank **SHON KORNFELD** and **RIKKI ROCKETT** for the major ego boost. I must admit Shon, I am **VERY** Thankful that my fax machine was having an attitude that day... it gave me the most wonderful opportunity to speak personally with you, as well as Rikki. As a fan of **POISON** throughout my youth, it was a true honor to have you hold my creation in your own hands and appreciate it for all that it was. May you continue to enjoy them as I will yours. To **TRACY FORD** of **TRACY FORD MINISTRIES, INC.** for your incredibly generous donation!! The world is a much better place with such kindness as you have delivered. May life bless you with her gentle kiss. To **BARBARA PAUL** for catching on and giving me your support. To have you appreciate this creation makes it all the more worthwhile. Here's to the next 3 issues!! To **BEN WOOD** for your surprising donations and orders!! I hope you continue to call **SE** your home... your creativity is always welcomed. To **KENNETH ANTHONY BARRICK** for giving me a fresh chance. I was hard on you and I publicly apologize for assuming you were fake. Your endeavor shows a promising future and I will do what I can to support you. You didn't have to donate to my creation after my accusations... yet, you found it to be a place to showcase your work. Your strength and persistence is a rarity these days. May we rise to the top together. To **IOLSTA HATT** for your most original creative donation. I got chills when I read through everything... and when I opened my 'gift box', I was overcome in honor. Your creativity shall not go unnoticed. I would like to do a full blown spread on you. From your history to your present day status. You are quite an extravagant lady. The world should know who you are. To **LEANNA DE SHEPLO** for your warm words and sincere gratitude. I am grateful that you have found **SE** to be a welcomed addition to your life. The paper and the markers donated were used in the creation of these very pages. Thank You ever so much!!! To **ABEL** for your donation and for having the guts to write such an honest letter. Yes, there does seem to be a darkened feel to this creation, yet, darkness is a part of life. Each page promises to stir various emotions... some dark, some light, some various shades of gray. It is all the perception of the individual reader. Your words will touch one person one way, and slam someone else... and that is the beauty of opinions. May your new search and way of living benefit you. And may your happiness remain at your side. To **KAREN BADRE** for your ever-constant packages of plenty. Your donations to this effort are truly the life blood, of not only me... but these pages as well. From your gifts of food, tea, coffee, lollipops, candies... to your stickers of smiley faces and good cheer.... the post-it notes, message pads, pens, markers, paper clips, tape, glue-sticks, paper, postage paid mailers... you even sent me perfume!! You definitely are the sweetest Lady I have ever been blessed to know. May you never change... Without you, we wouldn't be at **Volume 2. Thank You Karen, from the bottom of my heart!!** To **ADAM DARHLING** for the biggest of donations. You know there's no words I possess to show my appreciation for who and what you are, and I have no abilities powerful enough to prove who I am and what I wish to be... we have something no one can ever take away from us... through good and bad, we have helped one another... and I would **NOT** give up what we have created together for anything in the world!! You are very much a part of me as I have become a part of you. There is nothing I need more in life than to see you smiling back at me. **YOU ARE EVERYTHING PRECIOUS TO ME!!** And last, but truly not the least, I must Thank my parents, **Patricia Louise** and **Daniel Alan Noon** for loving each other enough to create me **25** years ago. This issue is for you...

Pleazant Clarissa Noon — Creative Director

Creatively Yours, Pleazant XOXO

What I want is that my picture should evoke nothing but emotion!
-- Pablo Ruiz Picasso (1881-1973)

STIRRED EMOTIONS GUIDELINES

Please read before submitting...

- There are **NO** printing fees to advertisers. I take great pride in printing what I wish, **NOT** b-cuz someone paid me to. **Zines/ Businesses/Bands/etc... MUST** send proof of existence to gain any advertising space. *Any advertiser that is found to have ripped off ANY of my readers WILL BE DESTROYED!!!*

- The only charge the *reader/submitter/advertiser* bears is the **$3.00** cover charge, which **MUST** be paid to ensure delivery! Send well-concealed cash or make check/m.o. payable to **PC NOON**. *DO NOT SEND CHANGE THRU THE MAIL !!!* **Bands** submitting **w/Demo/Tape/CD** need **NOT** include the $3. cover charge. A complimentary copy of the issue you appear in will be sent upon printing. *If additional copies and/or future issues are requested, then payment is required.* Trades are welcomed but **ONLY** by those Zines that are of a presentable nature! Quick, thrown-together garbage will **NOT** be accepted! **Reviews of STIRRED EMOTIONS are welcomed!** Please send copy upon printing. *I can't Thank You if I don't see it.*

- **Bands/Zines:** there are absolutely **NO** reviews conducted by STIRRED EMOTIONS! This is an **OPEN FORUM** for raw creativity. **Bands:** send what you would like to have printed. Press kits are helpful, but not required. A simple hand-written history will suffice. Lyric sheets are appreciated. *I WILL CREATE AN AD FOR YOU!*

- I am always looking for **Front Cover** and **Centerfold** pieces. Designs **MUST** depict the STIRRED EMOTIONS theme. *Personalized creations are always welcomed!*

- **ALL** submissions should be printed neatly or typed. I do enjoy printing your originals, especially well-crafted handwriting. It keeps these pages **RAW. *Name and address MUST appear on ALL submissions.*** Please try to submit your creations, band histories, artwork, photos, etc... on **UNLINED WHITE PAPER ONLY!** Colored paper does **NOT** reproduce. There is **NO** limit to the amount of pieces to submit. *IF YOU CREATED IT, I WANT TO SEE IT!!!* You **MUST** enclose a **S.A.S.E.** if you want your submissions returned and/or if a personal reply is requested. *Submissions containing racial slurs and/or of a hard-core pornographic nature will **NOT** be accepted!* **ALL CREATORS RETAIN ORIGINAL COPYRIGHTS!!!**

- STIRRED EMOTIONS reserves the right to edit **ANY/ALL** submissions for length/clarity. STIRRED EMOTIONS reserves the right to use **ANY/ALL** submissions for promotional purposes w/o compensating the creator. *You will be informed in writing.* STIRRED EMOTIONS reserves the right to refuse **ANY/ALL** submissions w/o further explanation.

- The **STIRRED EMOTIONS *CREATE-A-PAGE*** are individual pages available to those who have a *fresh/new* idea to feature. **ALL** ideas **MUST** be submitted, along w/ a rough draft, and upon approval, a full page (or two) will be extended unto you. *You **MUST** be able to design the entire page(s).*

- **Promotional volunteers and financial backers are ALWAYS needed!** Inquire in writing. **DONATIONS OF *ANY* SORT** are greatly appreciated! I am always in need of black markers, paper, glue sticks, postage stamps, postcards, etc... *ALL donators will be artistically rewarded in STIRRED EMOTIONS.*

- **STIRRED EMOTIONS is for entertainment ONLY!** STIRRED EMOTIONS can **NOT** be held liable for misrepresentation, false advertising and/or damages to the readers/submitters of this magazine. By submitting to, reading and/or purchasing this magazine, you agree to the rules and conditions said herein.

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- **ALL** pieces created by **PLEAZANT** are available for hire. Contact me for further information.

BORDER DESIGN BY SCOTT HILDNER CLIFFSIDE PARK, NJ

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HAVE A FASCINATION WITH

QUEENSRYCHE? DREAM THEATER? IRON MAIDEN? JUDAS PRIEST? FATES WARNING?

Then prepare yourself for the next amazing addition to your ever-growing music collection!!

STIRRED EMOTIONS

is proud to introduce to you the 1st solo project from DEATH's very own shredding guitarist.... SHANNON!!

In his spare time, Shannon has been in the process of taking total control of the reigns to write, sing, play, record, mix and completely produce his own project.

The new EP promises diversity... ranging from melodic piano/vocals to screaching guitars/ double bass and brutal screams.

Show your undying support of the Underground by demanding more info into this mental journey...

250 N. Banana River Drive
Suite F7
Merritt Island, FL 32952
E-mail: Silver67@aol.com

YOUR LETTERS...

Hey Pleazant,

This is Shon Kornfeld from NO MERCY COMICS. We've been playing fax tag and I actually picked up the receive when I dialed the # and realized I could leave a message, so here I am. I got your magazine here and it looks awesome! I'd like to talk to you. Please give me a call at the office, cuz the fax thing ain't happening... for some reason I can't get through. I showed it to Rikki Rockett and he thought it was awesome. So give me a call. I'd really like to talk to you... Take it easy.

Message left on machine by Shon Kornfeld, NO MERCY COMICS Woodland Hills, CA

P.C. Noon...

Dear Pleazant,

I enclosed a check for $100.00. I would like to be a Promotional Volunteer and a Financial Backer. If you would like me to start sending you these other items, please let me know.
If you could, I would like you to create 2 ads for me. One will be for Tracy Ford Ministries, Inc. and the other for a Wiccan Coven that I want to start.
Thank You for helping me out. I will do my best to help you. I am here for you.

Thank You,
Mr. Tracy Ford
North Brunswick, NJ

Gardena, CA

Ms. Karen Badre

Thank You again for your interest in my poetry and for putting it in your Oct. issue... Enclosed is a check for $30. for 10 issues... I am excited to read "Stirred Emotions"..... and am looking forward to submitting more work in the future.

Thanks,
Amy Williams
Bryan, TX

STIRRED EMOTIONS™
AN OPEN FORUM FOR RAW CREATIVITY
Volume 1 Proudly Presented by Pleazant Dreamz Creations Issue 3
July 1997
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48
Packed pages of Cool Writings, Killer Artwork, Interesting Music, All from around the World!
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CHAOS THEORY
DETOX DARLINGS
MESSE NOIR
PLUS II MORE!
Don't Let This Be Your Last Issue! Order The Next One Today!
See the Guidelines for details.

Dearest Pleazant,

I AM SOOOOOO EXCITED!!! I just got your mailing. You must be the sweetest person in American History! What did I do to merit a portrait of myself? You did such a wonderful job. I am so touched, it's beyond words. I can't believe that with your busy schedule, you still took the time and painted a portrait of me. I'm trying to find wall space to display your masterpiece. The cat chimes you sent me are still hanging in my dining room.

I will definitely make copies of your flyer you sent and distribute it wherever I can. You really are a joy in my life. Whenever things start to get really bad for me, I receive a letter of yours or a damned PORTRAIT (ha ha) to brighten up my day. I hope Adam realizes what a wonderful and talented girl he has. Everyone should have a Pleazant in their lives! You are a true inspiration and you keep me going when I feel like giving up. Maybe these are just typewritten words, but I truly mean them from the bottom of my heart. We still have to get together for that Malibu.

Needless to say, you keep getting better w/ every issue. I'm very proud of Scott Hildner for his pages in this issue. He has always been a wonderful guy. He did an interview with Mood 13, which is ironic, because both myself and Scott went to highschool together with the singer, John Werner. I read some of his lyrics on seperate pages and immediately called to congratulate him. He is and always has been a wonderful writer. We always keep in touch, he is as much of a sweetheart now as he was way back then. You are bringing people together as I write to you on these pages.

I am very proud of the magazine you have created. Did you ever think it would grow as much as it did? I read everything from start to finish. My favorites in this new issue are: *"DADDY DEAREST"* by *Chrissy Fraser (Canada)*... extremely moving! *"WITHOUT YOU"* by *Vinnie Meehan*. All lyrics by *John Werner*. *"LIES"* by *Jen Noon*...An amazing piece. *"THIS PAIN"* by *Tammy Kay Litchford*. *"I LOVED YOU SO I SET YOU FREE"* by *Michael Vincent*. And your pieces, *"BRAVE STAND"* and *"PLEASE HEAR"*... the impact was phenomenal. And *"KILL THE SYSTEM"* by *Dan Altobelli* of *CHAOS THEORY*. He looks like a cutie, have you ever met him??? The only complaint I have is of myself. Not many of my poems were printed as in other issues. I believe that will give me the drive to write more.

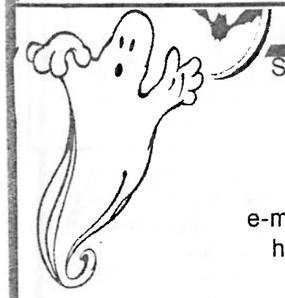
I'm thinking of creating either a Pet Page or a sort of Helpful Hints Page. Little tips on different things. If I get the time. I'll try to create a sample of each and leave it up to you... the most creative influence in my life, to lead me in the right direction and give me creative criticism.

As always, my friend, my poet, my guide, my muse, my inspiration,

Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

tarot cards rune stones
talismans wands
pagan art cards
jewelry calligraphy
poetry

iolsta hatt
301 east centre street
donaldson-tremont
pa 17981



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Thanks for sending your product for our consideration.

We've decided not to stock it:

X at this time. Please send us a sample of the next issue.

___ because it doesn't fit in with our other stock.

Hi Pleazant!

What a real pleasure it was to receive your magazine in the mail today! A friend from GREECE mailed it to me, thinking I could contribute... and of course, I will. If you ever need any layout pages done, *Please* let me do something!

I would LOVE to get a book of my Werewolf/Vampire poetry published. But being 'stuck' here in rural PA without the use of a computer is a real BITCH! So, you're a Scorpio? I'm March 10th... Pisces, Moon in Libra. I will do my best to copy your enclosed flyer and send it to everyone. I wish you the very best! I am a struggling artist also and no doubt, will be for life. I hope you will print what I sent you. You can omit anything you wish, except, of course, my name to my art and writings. Would you be interested in some excerpts from my "Werewolf Witch" novel? These two cards are from prints of my "Alien Women Pin-up Girl 13 Month Calendars" (I have 2) for the year 2000. I still have to get them printed. Cost $$$, ya know? I can afford you $5.00 donation. I'm sorry there just isn't anymore. I am on a fixed income and do not make much money with my arts, etc. I will enclose some "gifts" for you. I hope you like. For the character thing, I did enclose 1 big photo with a smaller one, as my face has a viel over it on the larger one. A SASE is enclosed for their return when you are finished. I usually do hand written poetry with my own borders, etc. I will enclose some special art for your October issue. Truly my favorite time of year.

About your gift box:

1 Womanstone to connect you with the Earth, etc.
2 pieces of coal jewelry (a victorian mourning pin)
NOT just for funerals either!
3 face magnets
1 sister moon and star magnet
1 worry doll pin
1 socks the 1st cat with AIDS ribbon magnet

I hope you like everything! I NEVER send anyone any bone jewelry UNTIL I know just how they feel about it. Let me know. Oh! And I don't kill the animals. I get them from the butcher who has already used the meat, etc. Hope that doesn't offend you!

IOLSTA Hatt
(Eye-ol-stah)
Donaldson-Tremont, PA

Pleazant, Pleazant, Pleazant

Dear Pleazant,

My name is Fred Sherman and I'm starting my own Stationary business, for everyone who has pen friends or for those who just love to write. I was told by my sister, Patti Greene, that you might run an ad for me in your next issue. My prices aren't insane and I feel pen friends need a break on stationary. Please let me know if you are able to put my ad in....

Thank You,
Fred Sherman
Lake George, NY

This new STIRRED EMOTIONS Magazine looks great! It is definitely you! I loved the LAUGH PAGE and many of these poems in the 3rd issue of Volume 1 have real meaning. I must say, that this is a real piece of work. I have many friends who would love to get and be in your magazine. I will spread the word of this great piece of work that you have produced. I have a poem that I think would be great for your magazine.

I hope to be seeing more of your work as they come. I will be sending $3.00 later, when I get my new address, so that I can get the new issue. I must ask a big favor, when you send me mine, I would like it to be sent to my college. But, I must ask that you put it in some kind of envelope for me, because my school is strict about that stuff. You know how those schools of Christian Denomination are. It is a 4 year college, and I'll be majoring in Kinesiology (Sports Management). I'm so excited to go. Well I must go. Thank You for the magazine I really enjoyed it and so did my parents. I hope to be seeing more of your great work in the future.

Love Always. Your Cousin. Monica L. Salem Ft. Stewart, GA

Greetings....

Hello. How are you on this Dark night?I saw your ad in THE GRIMOIRE OF EXALTED DEEDS and decided to write. I am the Soul that you seek. I'm sorry if I sound conceited, but your whole ad described me.
Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ashlie Dawn Gillis and I'm a 17 year old female obsessed with Vampirism. I spend most of my time collecting music, articles and any info on European Black/Goth Metal bands such as Cradle of Filth, My Dying Bride, Nosferatu and Moonspell. Don't get me wrong, I love American Rock as well. I'm a big fan of Type O Negative, Pantera and Ozzy as well. I also write dark poems and I have enclosed one for your enjoyment. I call it "Fallen Angels I". I keep journals as well. I've been keeping journals since I was 13. I think I have 4 complete journals filled, maybe more.
I could talk all day about my interest and beliefs in Vampirism and about the things I do and am involved with. But, I will tell you no more unless you wish to know more. Please enlighten me. What is the Pleazant Dreamz Creation all about? Do you have anything put together at the time? I would very much like to know more. Would you kindly send me some info and make yourself known to me? I have taken enough of your time, so I will leave you now. Until we talk again....
Yours Eternally,
Ashlie D. Gillis
Essexville, MI

Dear Pleazant,

Thank You for the free copy of SE. I was very impressed with your efforts. I applaud them. Your magazine leans more to the dark side and the underground as well as metal and punk. This is interesting and nontraditional, a well formed outlet for alternative expression.

I will soon be sending you something of my own and a few dollars towards your efforts. Do you remember me? I'm the Collective Publishing guy you attacked. All is well and submissions have begun to come in. I have begun accepting them for free. Thank You for your support and guidance.

Sincerely,
Kenneth Anthony Barrick,
COLLECTIVE PUBLISHING
Halethorpe, MD
Pitcher53@aol.com

Greetings,

Your new issue shows a lot of growth! I am glad that some of my readers have sent you some material. Despite some letters that I receive, which tell me to delete my Poetry Page, I nonetheless, believe the some people need the page. Let me explain... Someone I know was shocked to find out that this guy she was seeing was carrying around a torn piece from my magazine which contained a poem. This poem was special to him. The irony is, the guy is dying from a rare virus. The girl who wrote this poem lost her own boyfriend to Death... So even if these are the only two people who find value in my Poetry Page, the page is worth doing. But I know, as do you (judging by the response to your ad), that poetry is not dead among my minions. I will continue to support your efforts.

An interesting developement has occured. "Metal Age", a label in the Slovak Republic, is publishing a Slovakian translation of the Grimoire! I just received a copy of it yesterday. So the Grimoire approach shall be known in Eastern Europe. A magazine there, "Rock Centrum", has been translating several interviews for a few issues already. They have informed me that a Russian magazine wants to do this as well. I have also just been hired by a Guitar magzine to do a death metal column in my olde english style. So it seems that being true to myself has acquired me some bit of reward. I know that a similiar destiny awaits thee...

Bill Zebub
A.K.A. Ladislav Turjancik
The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds
Clifton, NJ
Grimore666@aol.com

Pleazant Dreamz Creations...

Hello. My name is Lisa Rosner. I saw your ad in THE GRIMOIRE OF EXALTED DEEDS and thought your project sounded very interesting. So I, along w/ my friends from Creative Writing Class have contributed some of our works, w/ hopes that you will print them in your magazine. When will your new issue be out?
I also do a Zine (FALLEN ANGEL), in which a big part of it is dedicated to poetry, stories, art...
I was wondering if you would consider doing ad trades? (You print mine, I'll print yours...) And would you possibly be interested in doing Zine exchanges as well?
We have plenty more stuff we could send in, so let me know if you're interested. I really hope to hear from you soon. Thank You for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
Lisa Rosner
Applecreek, OH

dEAREST pLEAZANT.

I RECENTLY RECIEVED A LETTER FROM PHILLIP t. BAKER. hE'S AN ARTIST WHO PAINTS STEVEN tYLER, aLICE COOPER, JOEY rAMONE, ETC... aNYWAY. HE SAW MY PICTURE IN Stirred emotions AND HE WANTS TO PAINT ME. hE INVITED ME TO THE rOCK & hORROR SHOW AT THE mEADOWLANDS. bUT HE WANTED ME TO WRITE TO HIM FIRST. uNFORTUNATELY, WHEN I RECIEVED HIS LETTER. PART OF THE ENVELOPE WAS RIPPED AND I DON'T HAVE HIS ADDRESS. IF YOU HAVE IT, PLEASE CALL ME. aLSO. COULD YOU REPRINT MY LETTER/PHOTO/DRAWING IN YOUR NEXT ISSUE? IT WAS ON PAGE 9 OF ISSUE #3. tHANKS....

I AM LOOKING TO CORRESPOND WITH THOSE WHO SHARE MY INTERESTS... CREATING, DESTROYING, LOVING, HATING, PASSION, LUST AND ALL THAT IS UNCERTAIN. ALSO, VAMPIRES, BATS, BLACK ROSES, MUSIC, POETRY, VIOLENCE SERENITY, AND WHATEVER ELSE MY MOOD ENTICES ME TO DO...

ETERNALLY,
KATRIANNA A. DELUCIANO P.O. BOX 843 BELLE MEAD, NJ 08502

MORE LETTERS...

Dear Pleazant,
Thank You for the 'Zine! It was very thoughtful of you to send it!
In answer to your question: "Which emotion has been Stirred"...
I would say: Nostalgia.
Flashbacks. Circa 76-78. Lower East Side. Best Wishes with your new endeavor!
Lorena Alfieri
Greece

Hello Pleazant,

Your new format is the right blend of art and text. It is so much easier to read. And I enjoy the stories, poems, lyrics.

Let me say, Thank You for publishing my works. Thank You for the compliments on "La Nude Macarena". Now be specific and tell me what you REALLY love about this piece. I think it's funny and creative. It may have that Picasso commentary edge (most of my pieces do.)

On another point, I run an astrological consulting business. I have two degrees in Astrology, one a basic, the other a professional degree. I am a member of the American Federation of Astrologers, too. I do personal Natal Charts for people. I would like to advertise in your publication.

I finished another short piece. 720 words. Called "THE CHASE>" It is a blend of erotic--poetic storytelling. I've enclosed a copy. Tell me what you think.

Well, I must go now. Keep up the spectacular work. Congratulations on your new equipment.

Sincerely,
Carey Fontaine
Cincinatti, OH

Pleazant,

Got your latest. Thanks for the sending. I got into it and couldn't help but notice how many music ads and band promos I saw. You have connections. I, too, am a musician, playing a 6 string electric and bass. I am trying to hook up w/ some local people. I know they're out there somewhere. I want to do only original music and not too loud. Do you know of anyone I can connect with? Help me if you can.

The Best,
Marymark Press
Attn: Mark Sonnenfeld
45-08 Old Millstone Drive
East Windsor, NJ 08520

Dear Pleazant...

First, let me start off by telling you how much we appreciate what you did for us by putting us in your wonderful magazine. In this day and age, there are very few people who do anything for anyone else without asking for something in return. You gave us space in your magazine for FREE... no strings! And for that, we owe you a debt of gratitude. You are one in a million. And so is Stirred Emotions. Thanks for designing the ad and even printing some of the lyrics. What you did with "Karate Chop" was a riot. And you even included the Chaotic Humor pieces we include in our mailing list. I also want to Thank You for printing Dan's letter to MTV, "Does Metal Still Matter?" The more people who see it, will be asking the same question... and hopefully they will feel the same way we all do. Music is our life! We're going to Thank You on our next CD. And we plan on telling all of our friends about your magazine. We have a new phone #, so anyone can reach us and find out info on us. Well, Pleazant, once again, Thanx. And I look forward to seeing us in the future issues... we will always send you stuff!!!!

Sincerely,
Brian Schleper,
CHAOS THEORY
82 Eaton Rd.
Bordentown, NJ 08505
(609) 298-EVIL
ChaosDan@aol.com

HEY YALL
YOUR LAST ISSUE WAS AMAZING! EXCELLENT WORK, AND I TOTALLY LOVE YOUR DRAWINGS! MY MOM LOVES IT TOO! THE CAFE WOULD LOVE TO PUT ONE IN OUR MAG, SO WHEN YOU CAN, SEND ONE ALONG! HOPE ALL IS WELL. AND KEEP IN TOUCH!!
-G DOG
Neutron Cafe
N. Babylon, NY

Dear Pleazant,

It was a pleasure to hear from you a few eeks ago regarding the submissions of my poems. I have not yet had any of my works published, but I am honored to have my poems printed within the pages of your magazine. I enjoyed reading your magazine and I cannot wait to see my poems and all the other talent compiled in the Halloween Edition. I have enclosed 6 of my recent poems.

I have also enclosed a S.A.S.E. so that you can give me a reply regarding the poems. I do not need the submissions returned.

I have also enclosed a check for $3.00 for the normal fee, $15.00 in cash for 5 extra copies of the issue my work is printed in, $6.00 for the subscriptions, and finally, I have enclosed $10.00 of well-concealed cash as a donation to your magazine... think of it as a contribution to my new home. It is again a pleasure to do business with you. I will be sending in future submissions. Let me know when the new issue will be out after the Halloween edition is scheduled to be printed in the S.A.S.E. or Email me on AOL.

Yours,
Ben Wood
Monson, MA
STRAHD351@aol.com

Dear Pleazant,

First, I'd like to Thank You for printing my poem. And also let you that the issue turned out great! I've enjoyed what I've read so far. Secondly, I did not think I would be sending in any more submissions, as I don't write much anymore, but I was hoping you could print the poem I sewnt you. It was from my English class this past year, we were advised to write a ballad. This was easy for me. I chose to write a traditional sounding ballad, as opposed to the funny or clever or romantic ones the rest of my class wrote. As it turned out, I ended up really liking what I like, and I hope you do as well.

I hope I can help spread the word about Stirred Emotions. Some people I know from school who read my zine were talking about ordering a copy. By the way, the issue arrived just in time for a review in APPLE BROWN BETTY #4. I know you do not agree w/ reviews so if you'd like, you can send an add to be printed in Issue #5. (Preferably 1/4 page). My zine is mainly Punk/Indie Rock and other music of that sort. I know we have different audiences, but I still hope I can help you out w/ some advertisement. Hope to hear from you soon....

Thanx,
APPLE BROWN BETTY Zine
C/o Joe
P.O. Box 245
Montvale, NJ 07645

Dear Pleazant,

You know me only by the name of **J.P. Vod.** I have only spoken to you once on the phone years ago when you lived in Atlantic City. At that time, I was in a band known as **Midnight Reign.** I was never real comfortable with the whole band scene; the way people back stab you when you're not looking; the way they steal your money when ever they get a chance; the way they use and abuse you and your music only to make a profit; all the drugs that people take just to escape reality. So I got out of it.

I no longer use the name of **'Vod.'** My true and full name is **John Paul ABEL Kasperowicz.** You can just call me **Abel.** You may not want to print this letter or the poem I have enclosed because it does not fit the air and anxiety of Death of your magazine. If you do not print it, I will understand and hold no grudge. I do not write of Death, but, only of life. I fail to understand why people who despise this terrible world so much keep diving back into it like pigs in mud. All this world has to offer is Death because this world is **DEAD** and led by the Prince of Death himself, **SATAN.**

I to hate this world and the ways of it. Yet, I have found the way out. That way is ***LIFE*** not death! ***LOVE*** not war! ***CHARITY*** not greed! ***JOY*** not suffering! ***HEALING*** not pain! ***HUMILITY*** not control! ***GOD*** not SATAN!!!

It is ***THE WAY*** that tells me that I do not need drugs to face reality. It is ***THE WAY*** that tells me that I do not need anger to endur. It is ***THE WAY*** that tells me that love is more than sex. That ***TRUE LOVE*** is ***PATIENT*** and ***KIND.*** It is not jealous, pompous or rude and does not seek it's own intrests. It does not brood over injuries and is willing and glad to hear the truth. It is ***THE WAY*** that tells me that ***LOVE NEVER FAILS!!!!***

I am not trying to preach to you or your readers. You asked for experiences that **STIR THE EMOTIONS.** There is no greater experience that **STIRS MY EMOTIONS** than the love and relationship I have with my Lord, ***Jesus Christ.*** And while all of you who choose to sleep in Death, sleep. I will be awake with ***LIFE.*** The problem is, if you are dead and I am alive, I cannot come back to tell you what you are missing. If anyone reading this would like to join me in ***LIFE,*** call or write.

Thank You Pleazant,

ABEL
114 W. College Ave.
Yardley, PA 10967
(215) 493-7823

Stirred Emotions,

Enclosed is SLOTH #7 for trade. Thanks for sending your mag. I liked the original, open-minded approach. Perhaps I'll send in a short story or some art. I've got a couple o' stories that are pretty funny, me thinks! If you want to trade ads, that'd be cool. Use one of the 2 kinds I've included.

Write Back,
Phil Alterman,
SLOTH Magazine
Alexandria, VA

Dear Pleazant,

I would like your new issue of Stirred Emotions. I've enclosed $3.00 for one copy. Thank You so much for creating such a wonderful magazine! Truly the best I've ever read. Stay beautiful and Pleazant Dreamz!

Bloody Kisses,
Jackie Cline
Oklahoma City, OK

Pleazant,

I'm pretty sure I'm not the first person to tell you this (and if I am, shame on the world!) and hopefully I'm not the last, but I would also like to remind you that what you are doing as far as Stirred Emotions is concerned, is an excellent thing. There are many talented people out there lacking an outlet to have their art, music, poetry... their souls noticed. Being a musician (sometimes poet), and knowing how hard it is to get noticed in the area, I express great thanks for Stirred Emotions. There are a lot of talented people out there who deserve to be noticed. I included your ad in this month's installment of my bands newsletter (I'm hoping you won't mind), but if there is anything else I can do for you to help circulate a knowledge of Stirred Emotions, please let me know. Talent should never be left unnoticed.

Sincerely,
R. Sean Faust,
MONEY FOR THE TOLL
P.O. Box 2668
Fair Lawn, NJ 07410
(201) 960-4925

EVEN MORE LETTERS...

Dear Pleazant,

Thank You for the complimentary copy of Stirred Emotions. I was thrilled when you responded to my ad in the Aquarian, and that it was about writing more than the music. The search is going well. I've met and talked with a few talented people and should have a musical project out real soon. When we've written enough songs and start playing out, I'll create an ad and send it in.

In the meantime, though, I do have plenty to submit for your wonderful magazine. It seems we have similiar ambition and motivation. I also assembled a literary journal. I've just started and have a minute subscription begun but the finished product came out fantastic. Now that I have a computer, I might put out a website. When I created it, I didn't know what the final intentions would be, how far I would take it. Friends and supporters have urged me to continue. So onward I go. I won't babble on about it, since I have enclosed complimentary copies of the first two volumes of "Present Purveyors." My 'Journal Entries' will thoroughly explain the birth and present status of my literary venture. If you like what you read, maybe I could set up a page in Stirred Emotions for some exposure?

Speaking of which, Stirred Emotions made for some 'Pleasant' reading while I was down the shore a few weeks ago. I enjoyed paging through the poems. They truly are Stirred thoughts. Some people seem a bit distraught, but then again, I know the feeling. That's why smarter people write down their feelings and properly vent... as well as, recording the moment. Again, I admire that you put forth the effort to gather, preserve and print writings. Too many people get caught up in daily routine and let their talents go to waste. Keep on moving forward!

I think a few of my poems from 'The Fulcrum of the Merri-Go-Round' might fit well within Stirred Emotions' pages. I could also put a page in to advertise that little booklet, if you like my verse. I put this together 3 years ago and distributed them by mail.

Anyway, I hope this letter wasn't too incongruent. I've got alot on my mind so the writing may jump around from thought to thought. Enjoy the samples of my writings and let me know what you think. I have included $3.00 for the upcoming issue. Next time, I'll donatye some supplies to aid your project, as a friendly token. Thanks Pleazant. I'm eager to hear from you...

Sincerely,
Ron Gatzke
Morristown, NJ

Dear Stirred Emotions,

I am a 29 year old poet now living in the US after having worked abroad for nearly 4 years. While overseas, several of my poems, both in English as well as translation, were published in newspapers and literary journals. While living in Poland, I also gave several readings of my work – again in English as well as translation. Most recently, I have been lucky enough to have a chapbook of my poetry published by Minerva Press, under the title of *Spectacles*.

Enclosed with this letter are 2 short poems entitled 'After The Mourning' and 'Remebered Thunder' which I recently wrote after having visted your website. I hope that you will find them enjoyable and consider them for publication.

Thank You for your time and consideration.

Yours Sincerely,
Christopher Alan Fraas
Highlands Ranch, CO

Adhab here from CHAOS UNDERGROUND. Zine. I want to say Thank You for the STIRRED EMOTIONS magazine. It was cool! We are going to review it in the next issue of Chaos Underground, coming up in Dec. I know it wouldn't help just by me saying that we reviewed it, so I will send you a copy when it's printed. I wanna know if you want some contributions? If yes, I have an interview with Fear Of Dolls, plus I have tons of flyers, poems, etc... to give to you! I hope you'll enjoy this copy of my zine. Here are my contributions. Please run our flyers in your new issue. If you dislike them, please pass them on to someone that needs them. Well, that's it for now. If you want anything or have questions, please write. Thanks a lot!! Take care.

Adhab Al-farhan,
CHAOS UNDERGROUND ZINE
Gardena, CA

Dear Pleazant,

Hello, my name is John Isaacs. I am a freelance writer that is in dire need of exposure. I write for a few local bands in the NY area, mostly Long Island. I submitted some of my work to a variety of different publishers and the response has been pretty encouraging, to say the least. Almost all that I have submitted to liked my work... some evn offered to buy, but along with the purchase, they want to buy all the rights that goes along with it! Leaving me with a one time payment. I have a lot of confidence in my work, but very little trust in the business. I have been in contact with STIRRED EMOTIONS several times, via E-mail, and I am convinced that submitting to your magazine is agreat way to go. It really sounds to me like you and your magazine have a sincere love for creative work. And I can really appreciate that love becauise I've been writing for some time now and I do it for the love of writing. Anyway, I am submitting to you some of my work, most are written as songs but are later turned into poems for easier reading. My work is based on the post love affairs that we all encounter, one time or another, in our lives. I write for the people that loved too much, hurts too much, and is in want of so much more.

I tell everyone that when one loves starts, another sadly ends. And no one ever caters to those people. You never see much in thr greeting card section of the supermarket. They are all about falling in love and courtships, and things like that. (Not that there is anything wrong w/ that...) But there is a flip side to that coin and these are the people that I write to. Who ever felt like this at one time will know what I'm saying. If you do like some of my writings and think that they might be STIRRED EMOTIONS material, please call or E-mail me.

Again, Thank You for taking the time to let me explain myself and my work. I am looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
John A. Isaacs Centereach, NY JonnyLaroo@aol.com

WECS RADIO 90.1FM

THE UNDERGROUND

is a new radio show on 90.1 WECS in Willimantic, CT.
We are looking for bands to feature on our 3 hour long show that is dedicated to supporting the scene.
If you would like to gain exposure in the Southern New England area, send all material to:

THE UNDERGROUND
Attn: Rusty Kupyar
355 Quarry Brook Drive
South Windsor, CT 06074

GREETINGS STIRRED EMOTIONS,

RUSTY FROM THE UNDERGROUND HERE. I JUST WANTED TO DROP YOU A LINE SAYING THANKS FOR THE AD YOU PLACED IN ISSUE 3. BECAUSE OF THAT AD, PHIL FROM MADD HUNTER WAS ABLE TO GAIN SOME EXPOSURE IN CONNECTICUT. IT IS BECAUSE OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU, AND YOUR WORK, THAT THE UNDERGROUND IS TRUELY SUPPORTED. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT OF THE UNDERGROUND.

SINCERELY,

RUSTY KUPYAR

Pleazant,

You are under the wrong impression if you think I was disappointed by your interpretation and drawing, because I definately wasn't. I like it! And I'm flattered that my words have meant that much to you. And I must Thank You immensely for helping me realize exactly who that song is about (for me). Have you ever seen the movie "Jeremiah Johnson"? Well, there's a character in that movie called Hatchet Jack, who is already dead when the movie starts. But, if you see the scene when Johnson finds him, you'll see by Hatchet's face the life he must have led alone in the wilderness, and I guess he was the inspiration for the song. For bringing that to my attention... I will always consider you a friend for that. I also made up copies of the ad to send out with other reviews and interviews regarding MADD HUNTER. I hope that's cool.

Take Care, "My Lady",
Phil Grasso,
MADD HUNTER
Rockland, MA

Hello Pleazant:

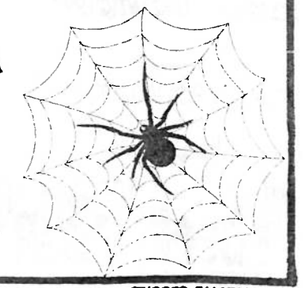
Gee, I'm sorry I sent writings on computer, just read your issue. SO COOL!!! Didn't know to mail them in. I do believe you have a great career in STIRRED EMOTIONS. More people should try to understand there is more to a person than their shell. Writings show what is not visible to the eye. I will circulate the mag, just give me some time. I really enjoyed your graphics, your creativity. I will send in a contribution for all you do for us. Please put me on your mailing list and feel free to use what I send you. Thank You for your time. In this cold world, people forget to share, we need more kind people like you... Take Care.

Sharon Lentz
Charlotte, NC

STIRRED EMOTIONS,

I recently discovered your publication through my boyfriend (whose band was featured in an interview). I really enjoyed reading through all the poetry that was submitted to you. I, myself, am an artist and poet and have more than enough work that I could send to you. I only happened to get your fax number from my boyfriend before he had to give it back to his friend. Could you please send me info on how to submit my stuff and also how to get a past issue of your mag. Thanks for your time!!!

Leanna Desheplo
Fort Lee, NJ



DESIGN BY PLEAZANT©1997

Devoid, without thinking I reach for the soap, for burning toast, for the ringing phone, smiling falsely, I take the mail from the postman, a receipt from the clerk and shit from the boss; Lost in a memory that now seems surreal, a spectre that sits on the brink of creation – from the highest depths it alters reality, unpercievably, silently "GOD!" – the scream emanates from every bone, from every nerve and every cell, from the very heart and soul and psyche it bursts to fill the vacuum around me; Consuming every shred of perception, every conscience thought, the very fiber of my being; from the primal depths it shatters reality, unperceptibly, silently – "Dear God...," I yell in a whisper, "please send her back." As though in a dream, the angel appeared to beguile and enchant with bewitching eyes, and swirling 'round me, the promised divine sang her whispered phantasia – her song – "I have dreams of you," and swiftly seduced me. But on that awful, heavenly day, try as I might to gently persuade her to stay...she softly slipped away. Now anguished cries shake the depths of reality, uncontrollably. silently. For so many years I'd ached to caress those smooth, silky shoulders, tight waist and broad hips; For so long, dear Lord, I've prayed to inhale her lusty fragrance and to taste her sweet lips; But now, even more, I desire to embrace that disparate, lonely, dark and dank place. To the deepest depths, it grips my reality, unrelentingly, silently. Beautiful woman-child, Venus in rags, tough as the streets, tender as love; Delicate balance of courage and pain – she's aways delightful and dear to behold. But like the North Wind, she howls against the barren plain to penetrate the depths of reality, incessantly, silently. What I'd give...to spend just once more a moment enrapt in her mercy. I'd sacrifice worthless, material comfort, the empire and castle, the loyal clansfolk, worldly ambitions and appetites fickle; I'd give up my life to be, reborn, her passion – to meld with her as one in the depths of reality, unregrettably, silently. For once reunited – be it for a second, a day, a lifetime or an eternity, whether as paupers or as privileged class; We'd share a deathless, perpetual bliss, a revel in riches each freely gives. And she on her dais, I at her feet, together we'd rock the pillars of heaven to its depths – unhesitatingly and uproariously! "GOD!," I scream... in silence... "Dear God, please send her back."

Poem by Rob Williamson

Paradise, CA

"I been talkin' to my alter, it says life is what you make it

WHY AM I?

In one hand sits birth... The other holds Death
Is one greater?? Is one less??
Which one do we cry to confess???

Walls of white an' muffled sounds
Into a world we are abound
With a guaranteed reservation underground

I lie awake in a darkened room
Just wonderin' if I'm alive
I think and I think
If I am
Why am I?

For one we live... One we die
But do we walk again on the other side?

I wonder to myself
No answers ever form
They say we were born to die
If so,
Why am I?

We enter in white... Nature's purity
We exit in black... Life's guarantee
Each evolving continueously

I wonder who else wonders
I know I'm not the only one
But does anyone ever try
Just to understand why
We were born to die?

Is it Fate or Destiny?
A test of durability?
A strive for Eternity?
Can anyone tell me?

We gather for birth... We gather for Death
Is one greater? Is one less?
Which one do we cry to confess?
Or is it all just a part of the Unknown's test?

I think and I think
If it is,
Why am I???

Poem by Pleazant (c)1997

THE WAITING ROOM

As we sat in the waiting room
waiting for the doctor to soon deliver doom
I wasn't prepared for what I was about to hear
that my dear ol' Dad soon wouldn't be here
He delivered the words
without sparing any feeling
he simply said, "he has one to two years"
God, it already seems to be nearing
It seems right around the corner
I'm so sad to say
wish I didn't hear those upsetting words today
My Dad took the news as if it weren't about him
I believe he was trying to be strong for us
But soon reality will kick in
My days herein... will be watching him
I'll try to be strong and bring joy along
My tears aren't stopping
it seems my heart has cracked
my soul is now bleeding
I only wish the doctor
could take those awful words back
With love and respect... I love him so
only thing left for me to do
is love him and help my Mom adjust
as we watch him sloy go

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

The Loss of a Loved One

Each and every day that goes by,
I feel more and more like I could cry.
I miss that certain sparkle in your eye,
Your big blue eyes just had to die.
It isn't fair that you had to go so soon.
I just want one more chance to say
Good-Bye to the one I loved so dearly,
Deep down inside.
You taught me to live each day at a time,
Even when times were tough...
You showed me that they're not
Always that rough.
You told me that I'd make it through
And I made it through the loss of you.
But I know that you're up there
Watching over me.
I know that you didn't deserve to die,
But everyone's life must end at sometime.
Yet, it wasn't your fault you had to die,
You were just in the wrong place,
At the wrong time....

Poem by Julie Siekkinen
Apple Creek, OH

Death's Advocate

Listen to me,
Listen to me,
Listen to me,

I am still alive,
but Death is everywhere.

Look,
over my shoulder.

See,
the skeletons;
See them laugh;
See them thinking.

Ah,
but you cannot see
being as dead as you are.

Yourr eyes have rotted
from their core,
and your soul is non-existent.

Death is the truest reality.

Poem by Doresa McCombs
Kingston, NY

PAIN

Death is eating up my brain
Fear is turning me insane
Listen close you'll hear me yell
"Save me from this living Hell!"
Drowning in depths of sin
Deteriorating state I'm in
I don't know, I can't see,
Why this shit always happens to me!
My life will flash before me
Listen close, you'll hear me dying
This passive feeling does not lie
Can't shun the truth, no use in trying
I try to hold on, but to no avail
I'm feeling weak, and tired and frail
I'm suffering now, the time it flies
As bit by bit my body dies
My life is quickly fading
I'm empty all inside
My eyes are slowly closing
Now it's time I died

Poem by Mariena Randazzo
Apple Creek, OH

and if you make it Death... well, rest your soul away..." MLB

Design by
Jeffrey L. Smith
Everett, PA

RAGE

My own heartbeat is
deafening to me,
as it pounds in my head with
RAGE!
A hatred I cannot control, it only
grows stronger.
I wanna kill myself, or maybe...
I want to kill you! I don't know...
Hostility is burning in my chest,
my being feels as if it could explode.
Nothing I ever do satisfies anyone...
and I am happy with no one else.
No one can ever just
LEAVE ME ALONE!
They just keep pushing...
KEEP PUSHING!
Now my back is against the wall,
and I really have no choice.
I'll end my misery as quick as I can,
or lash out to you instead.
I'm burning inside like a funeral pyre,
my eyes are glowing red hot.
Can't you see that I hate you?
I'd give my own life to see you die.
You think you can help,
but you're driving me insane.
It's your fault I feel such
RAGE!

Poem by Regina Glenn
Apple Creek, OH

"There never has been a genius without some type of

MADNESS..."

-- Lucius Annaeus Seneca (c. 4 B.C. - 65 A.D.)

I have the power to fight dragons
Inherited, than learned
If I kept it inside
I'd only get burned
Privilege or disadvantage,
Pro or con
What gives me the right to use it?
What gives you the right to carry on?
CAUTION:
CONTENTS HIGHLY FLAMMABLE
How do you keep that in?
Is it an issue of genuine humanity?
Or a game of lose or win?
After all the stupidity and hatred
hasn't anything been learned?
Why should I have to fight?
It's all supposed to be right
Of course, I am who I am,
I'm concerned
Blood boiling, explosion
a screaming match
One long minute of no shame
In the end does it matter?
Did anything really change?
I have the power to fight dragons
I have only the world to thank for it.

Poem by Leanna De Sheplo
Fort Lee, NJ

Confrontation of Madness

I've gone to the edge
and almost fallen.
And while hanging on a thred,
hoping,
that I would not take the plunge
into the valleys of arms and legs,
of people who had fallen before me.
I have remembered life.
I have ignored their taunting and laughter,
wiped away the tear of struggle,
and fought the temptation.
I've climbed back up the mountain of Sanity,
but knowing what the future holds,
I've pleaded.....

why madness?

Poem by Amy Williams
Bryan, TX

ON THE EDGE

I'm on the edge,
there is no helping me
There is no positive side,
at least not one that I can see.
I feel like I'm looking
through dirty glass,
Fill up my tank,
I'm running out of gas.
I feel as if I'm in too deep.
Another let down,
another creep.
The story is the same,
only the characters
have changed.
Wish I could go back,
have things rearranged.
I'm on the dark side,
I feel insane.
I'm twisting inside,
no one is to blame.
I'm bottled up,
on the verge of exploding,
I want to die...
there is no use in hoping.

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

Hidden Insanities

Wake up in the morning,
I make it through the day
But what's the point of everything,
when nothing's here to stay?
All I feel is nothingness,
nothing do I feel
I don't even know if this life I live is real
Don't know the key to happiness
that everyone else has found
So here I sit, all locked up...
I do not make a sound
I guess I am subhuman,
I need the crack I steal
"They" all seem so happy,
but nothing do I feel

Poem by Sarah Rain Starr
Boynton Beach, FL

Falling Apart

My life seems like it's falling apart,
I'm unhappy with myself, losing my heart
I keep making the wrong choices,
wishing somehow, things will work out.
I'm running myself into the ground,
with my indecision and my doubt.
Not wanting my job any longer,
why can't I just make a change?
Somehow, my feet are glued to the ground,
feeling empty and insane.
My true friends are tying to be there for me,
yet, I keep pushing them away.
My family is in jeopardy, yet, I run astray.
My love interest doesn't want me,
too many obstacles in the way.
This is so hard for me to accept,
why can't he just stay?
We're trying to be friends,
but it's not working for me.
For in my thoughts I fantasize
of sheer desire and ecstasy.
I need to find a way to rise above it,
somehow giving me strength to move on.
My life is falling apart,
cannot find an inner peace.
Does this happen to everyone?
Or am I some lonely, emotional beast?
My head is lost in the clouds
with the pot smoking and disease.
For now, I am an unhappy girl,
not wanting to carry on.
I've shut down from the world,
no more feeling, no more charm.
I'm just all alone.
All I am is a writer... bearing my soul...

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

As I sit confused, time passes.
While I try to stand up and run,
my body freezes.
Until, suddenly, in motion so slow...
it is almost still.
I move and touch ground.
I run, in pain, finally stopping,
gazing, at the broken glass of life,
beneath me.
And, with blood seeping from my feet,
I remember, no longer dazed,
my memory refreshed.
All hope drained from my soul,
I sit once again,
this time in horror,
This time forever...

Poem by Amy Williams
Bryan, TX

MADNESS

What is insanity
but a crude disguise
for confusion?
Mistaken identity
misused advantage...
abused wisdom
faded hopes
forsaken dreams
turned to melodramatic
nightmares
An aura of unbridled evil
encircling the stoic shell
of passion
slaughtered by
the bloody sword
of reason?

Poem by
Twyla Turnbow Sorrells
Waco, TX

UN-ME

the sad cold beauty
of yet another day
through such mystified wonder
becomes our decay

days drift so quickly
fly with such sorrowing ease
and friends come and go
through time's drifting leaves

friendships, a world
no longer is home
love, GOD's gift
turned into stone

harsh, biting air
scented with truth
I watch gliding by
the days of my youth

open mind, open eyes
open to endless possibility
yet remain unstirred
as the world is un-me

Poem by
Esther Farin
Miami Beach, FL

WHERE???

Where is the anger
to keep me warm?
Where is the calm
before the storm?
Where is the hunger
I cannot feed?
Where is the soul
that makes my heart bleed?
Where is the poetic justice
so many have claimed?
Where is the sinner
that we all have blamed?
Where is the violence
to teach me to survive?
Where is the pestilence
on which I must thrive?
Where is the hatred
I take to my grave?
Where is the love
to which I am a slave?
Where is the jealousy
that makes me burn?
Where is the path
to which I must now turn?
Where is the torture
to drive me insane?
Where is your image
to burn within my brain?
Where is the misery
whose company
I choose to keep?
Where is the nightmare
I carry to sleep?
Where is the death
that I will go to?
Where is the smile
that makes the sky blue?
Where is the promise
now that you broke?
Where is the fire
that left my dreams in smoke?
Where is the girl
who crushed my entire world?
Where is the voice
that made my mind unfurl?
Where is the poverty
that struck me such a blow?
Where is the passion
that left me all a glow?
Where is the one
who fucked me over?
Where is the woman
that made me believe her?
Where is she
that made me forever swear?
Where are the answers
to all this
WHERE???

Poem by Rax Mordred
NNJ

From sadness flows anger
Anger turns to hate
Hate to violence
Violence to sleep

UPON LAYER, WE DANCE ACROSS THE TWISTING PATTERN OF LIFE!

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS, LAYER

Color Personalized Drinks

As you sit endlessly at the bar
isn't it funny how you search
for your color personalized drinks.
We see our drinks in certain shades
the choice is made
as we personalize our drinks by color.
You groove to the retro band
that's playing
You move and beat on the bar
waiting for a sound of people
Searching for their
color personalized drinks

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefiled Park, NJ.

Hang-Over

I don't know why I drink so much.... I just do!
Always Canadian, mostly Canadian Hunter,
but sometimes when I've got the extra 75 cents
it's Black Velvet or C.C.
I love whiskey!
My Father was an alcoholic and his father was too.
He lived to be 80 some years old.
The only down fall is the
HANG-OVER....
which one cannot escape.
It never fails, the next morning I sit there shaking,
sweating, heart racing, stomach ill,
and my head erupting
like a volcano, as I try to think.
So I pray for death, or another drink,
I don't care which....
either will do, as long as
it's quick! I don't know why
Death doesn't come, but
the drink is a different
story. My pockets are
as empty as my
bottle. So I eat, puke,
and reflect.
What a splendid
fuckin' night
that was!
What the hell
did I do!?

Poem by
William Bruton
Indianapolis, IN

Design by Schlep
Nutley, NJ

Flashback

I'm so alone...So afraid...Help me now...Before I fade...
I'm fading fast...Losing the game...Someone love me...
I'm in so much pain...My head is gone...All is black...I'm
fading...Can you bring me back?...Kinife...Mouse...
Psycho...Alien...Path...Mouse...Turkey...Gobble...Britt...
Pass...Me...By...Go...Away...Now...Grinch...Laid...Down...
My...Fork...Bunny...Please...Don't...Cry...Die...Die...Die...
White...Elephant...Snake...Bite...Hurts...Flirts...Shirts...
And...All...Those...Jerks...Heh heh heh...My mind won't
stop...I just might go shoot a cop...I'm freaking out...
Out of control...Help me, I'm falling...No!!!...It's a black
hole...All that I hear is evil screams...Definitely not the
sweetest of dreams...There's no way out...I've fallen too
deep...Someone help me before I tweak!...The gremlins
are here...They are eating my brain...All the seratonin
is gone...I only feel pain...Paralyzed in an endless
black hole...No one to help me...What was in that roll?...
The music is loud...The colors are bright...Please don't
let me die tonight...I am seeing things as scary as shit...
HELP ME SOMEONE...My mind won't quit...Evil is lurking
in everyone's eyes...I'm scared, I'm cold...I'm going to die...
I lie on the floor...I hear my name...If they only knew...What
was in my brain...All I wanted was to have some fun...I took
some shit...Now what have I done?...The rest of the story is
blank and black...And I sometimes get this paranoia
attack...I tell myself it will be okay... All I can do is
hope and pray...

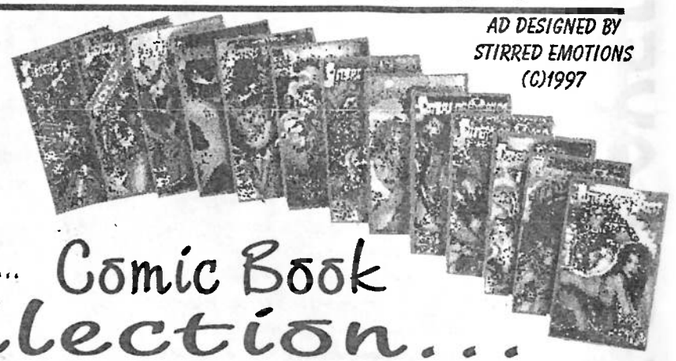
Poem by Sarah Rain Starr
Boyton Beach, FL

"Reality s purely a perception of the individual mind. It follows, since no two minds are alike... No two perceptions of reality are alike. It further follows, what reality is to one... may seem complete madness to someone else!"

INTRODUCING...©

Poison's very own...

RIKKI ROCKETT



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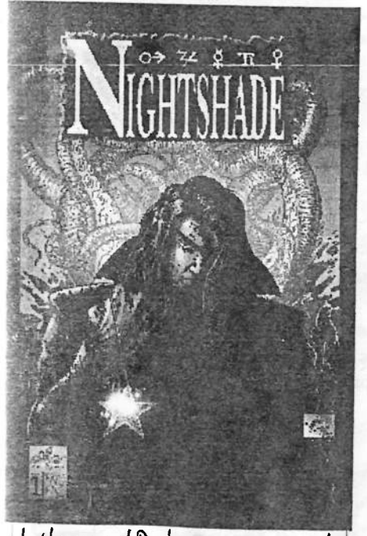

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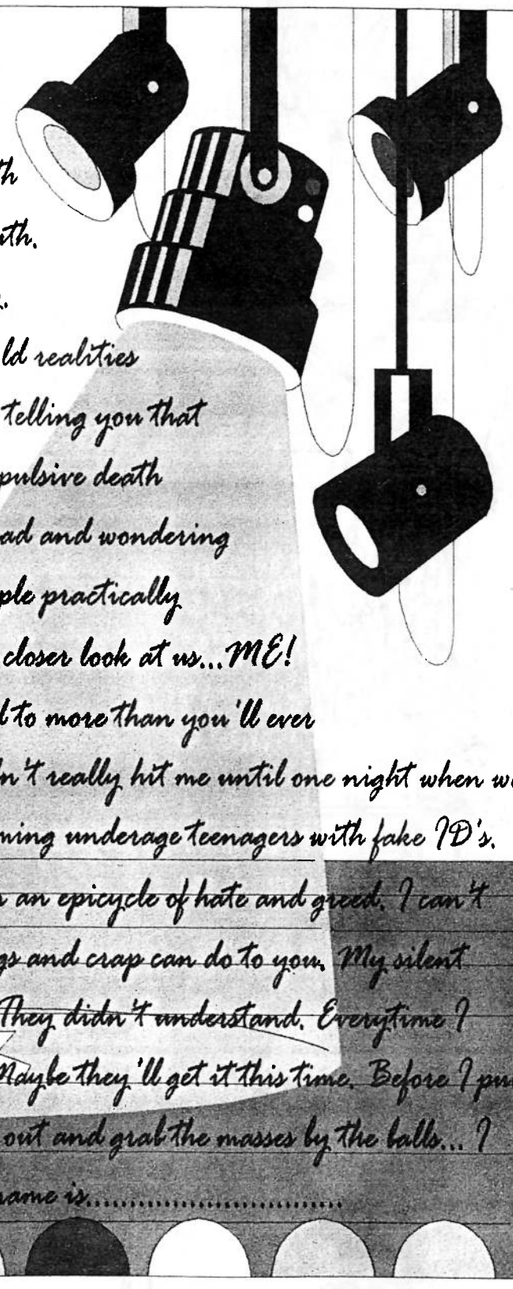
Martyr.... To a useless cause...

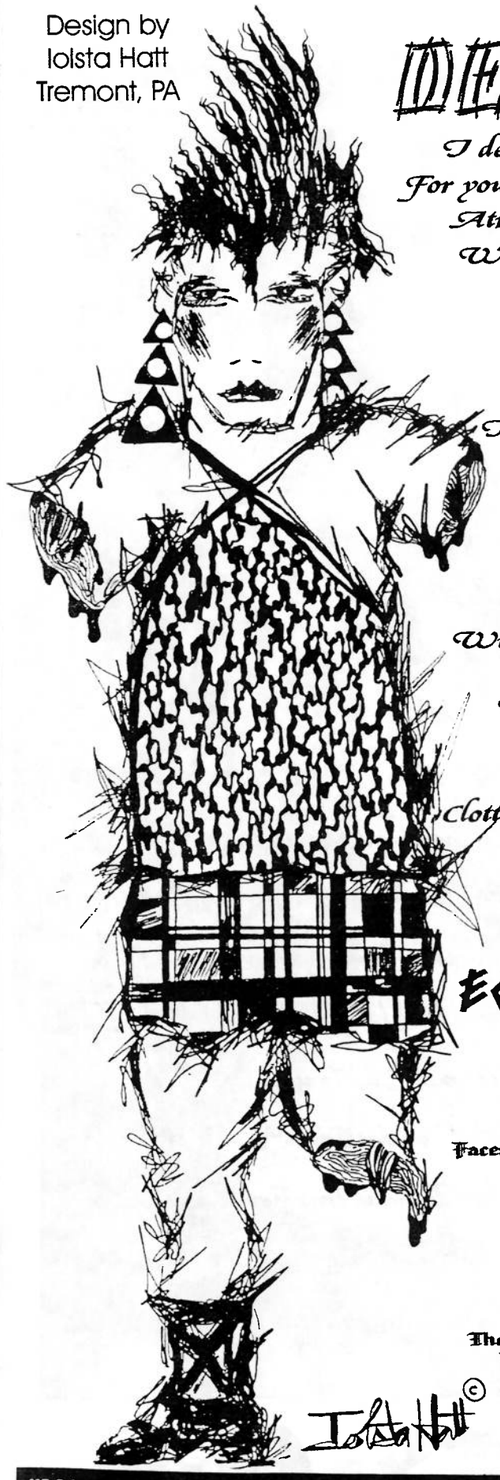
Written by Chrissy Fraser CANADA Design by STIRRED EMOTIONS (c)1997



I'm pathetic, you know that? Here I am... Mr. Big Shot Rockstar sitting on the floor with my head between my knees and a gun in my mouth. Before I pull the trigger, I want to tell My story. Somebody needs to know the truth! The harsh, cold realities of the corporate rock world! I want to start off by telling you that I didn't want it to end this way. I hate this compulsive death rocker that I've become. But, here I am.. half dead and wondering where the hell I went wrong. Concerts, tours, people practically throwing their damn bodies on stage just to get a closer look at us...ME! We were almost always on the road. I'm addicted to more than you'll ever know. I didn't realize how pathetic I was. It didn't really hit me until one night when we were playing in a sweat, club packed with screaming underage teenagers with fake ID's. It came out of nowhere. Just BOOM! We live in an epicycle of hate and greed. I can't take it anymore. I'll show them what all the drugs and crap can do to you. My silent pleas fell on deaf ears and now it's just too late. They didn't understand. Everytime I sang those words, it was suicide all over again. Maybe they'll get it this time. Before I pull the trigger in one last desperate attempt to reach out and grab the masses by the balls.. I think you should at least know who I am! My name is.....

BANG!...

Design by
Iolsta Hatt
Tremont, PA



DEATH IS UPON ME

I descend, my body, my soul, into the ranks of Gehenna.
For you have devoured my life with tarnished shards of horror.
Atrocious waves of agony swell along oceans of torture.
With liquefied flesh, DEATH IS UPON ME...

From your chalice of venom I drink.
For you invite with seductive fingertips.
Quelling poison eradicates my viens.
Ingesting suicide, DEATH IS UPON ME...

Bleeding my lungs I scream under the moon
like crows in a rusty cage.
For you whip without mercy.
Leather scars the cream I once cherished.
With lashing rhythm, DEATH IS UPON ME...

I gasp in terror as you release my congested oils.
For you sail upon rivers of blood.
Tributaries of red flow into eternal congregation.
Clotting my final breath, DEATH IS UPON ME...

Poem by Ben Wood
Monson, MA

ECLIPSE IN HELL

Pain explosion
Rain of fire is falling
from an acidically burning sky
Do you wonder why?
Eyes among us fading gray
Faces melted, sprayed black with exhaust
The dawn of the unborn soul
Final holocaust
Morning brings black
Crawl on nails
On this rack
Thoughts are impaled
Mercurial winds scathe us
Harsh expressions melt
The firestorms of the new day bathe us
Your final cards have been dealt

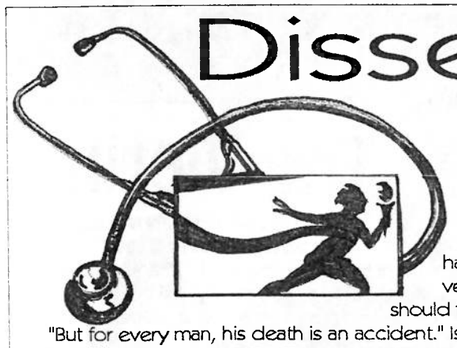
Poem by
Joe Headcrash
Milwaukee, WI

Apocalyptic Paradise

Impervious to their hate-filled lies,
I endure the barrage of blasphemies.
Laughing in my head, laughing at the dead
whose lives shall be cut short by thee.
We await your purging extermination
that shall cleanse the Earth of our race.
I long for your cataclysmic devastation
come and show your glorious face.
In the dawn of apocalyptic paradise,
the Earth is scorched and scarred.
Your loving disruptive blast
swept the Earth of the marred.
Why must we live this life
full of anguish and nothing?
Cannot the end come soon,
and free me from these bonds?

Poem by Jason Bozeman
Richmond, VA

"We create our own realities... we give birth to our Demons and Fears... and we alone can vanquish them!"
— Unknown



Dissecting Death

By Kenneth Anthony Barrick Halethorpe, MD

"All men must die: but for every man his death is an accident and, even if he knows it and consents to it, an unjustifiable violation". In Dissecting Death, we must begin at the end, for it is the end that compels us to live our lives to the fullest.

Let us break down the above quote. "All men must die." So true, so simple, yet so hard for man to come to grips with. For many, this imple statement controls their very existence. their very routine. We should not be controlled by this simplicity. We should face each day as positively as possible, thus endearing ourselves to the joys of life.

"But for every man, his death is an accident." Is so true, for be it by disease or by fault of ones elf or others, man has no control over his death. So true this is that even if I make an attempt on my own life, I cannot be assured of success. Diseases themselves are natural born accidents, much as an oil spill is perpetrated by mankind.

"Even if he knows it and consents to it, an unjustifiable violation." Violated is how we all must feel when we are on our deathbed, no longer able to control our destiny. We are fools for ever once believing we control our destinies. Violated indeed! We did not control our birth, therefore, what right shall we claim to consent our death?

One of the biggest questions we face regarding death is "when it is time to pull the plug on a loved one?" Consider this quote, "When someone you love dies, you pay for the sin of out living them with a thousand piercing regrets." Regret enters our minds when we consider this decision. Will we regret what we have done? This is when faith plays its most momentous role in our lives. I have been by a dying persons side, and I have heard the words muttered with the last breath... "God is kind." I have seen the viliant effort of a dying person battling an unknown foe (cancer) and I can only hope that I will have such strength.

When Grandma was diagnosed with cancer at the age of 90, the decision was made not to tell her of her condition. It was believed that knowing such a thing would cause grandma to live her final days in a state of dread. In some instances, I believe this would be true and would expedite ones demise. But in others, I believe it would allow the individual to focus his or her strength and beat the odds. The question arises, is it morally acceptable to hide from someone the grave circumstances they face? I believe the answer lies within the knowledge of that persons inner being. I believe that knowing your enemy is the best and only way you can defeat it. I believe that by hiding her disease from her, cost her years off of her life. Often we hear of miracles, people coming back from serious cancer and other illnesses. The thing that is common in virtually all of these cases is the inner strength (the heart and the soul) of the individual. Therefore it is the responsibility of family to know the inner strength of each of its members. If family, or for that matter, friends, know the inner strength of the person facing such grave circumstances, the decision to tell or not to tell, or to pull the plug or to not pull the plug becomes much easier.

Many times, ill people do not want to die. Many times those not told of what afflicts them do not understand why they are not getting better. This is because they cannot get better. Their chances are taken away by their lack of knowledge, their failure to know their enemy. In death of grandma, I hold the family responsible for the timing of her death. Her death was not an accident. For the longest time I would struggle with my failure to act as her spy and report her enemy. I wondered if I might have, in some way, helped to kill her. Having faced these tragic circumstances once has given me no preparation for my next encounter. For each individuals existence, and each individuals death is nothing but an accident. How we handle accidents is determined by our own inner strength.

We all know the beasts within
While some sincere, others sin
Some always lose, some always win
They are the beasts within
As one may laugh, another cries
As one is born, another dies
Some spread disease, some just love
They are the souls we are made of
Some can show the world their face
Others simply hide
Some beasts cast a spell on us
Others walk right by our side
Hear them, see them, let them in
They are the beasts within

Poem by Leanna Desheplo
Ft. Lee, NJ

RELEASED

Explosion of nothing...unknown...timezone...
shadows remain...of what I call home...
I don't care ...your despair...
I'm lost in the gray...you say it's okay...
not much time...end of the line...
trapped in the blinds...making no sense...insane...
time of life...unwell spent...mundane...
we rise...our hearts soar...our time...we explore...
flying away...out-of-body...
we leave our flesh...
Released

Poem by Esther Farin
Miami Beach, FL

STOP THE PAIN!!!

The Ballad of Rebecca Jill

A stranger came to town one day
He came from o'er the hill
And in this town he fell in love
With the young Rebecca Jill
Well Rebecca was a fair young girl
Her hair was smooth and fine
And in the town in which she lived
She stole many an eye
The stranger watched from 'cross the street
While Rebecca returned home
As he crossed, he whispered to himself,
"My Love, you're not alone."
But alone she was as this should be
For her parents had gone out riding
And as a fine meal she prepared
In her house was the stranger hiding
As Rebecca crossed the hallway floor
The stranger showed his face
The Rebecca screamed and fell
Into his strong but cold embrace
When she awoke, Rebecca watched
As the stranger sharpened his knife
She then sat up and began to beg
The stranger for her life
"You are a beauty," the stranger said,
"And this is not a lie...
But as they say, the truth be told,
All beauty must one day die."
So the stranger said, "Goodbye, my Love,
I fear that we must part,"
As he kissed her then red, rosy lips,
And stuck the knife straight through her heart
That very next morn, as the town awoke,
The stranger had already fled
And in the woods, some miles away,
They found Rebecca dead.

Poem by Joe Montvale, NJ

Death of a Child

A man, a stranger,
yet not man...
but Beast!
A missing child,
vanished,
never to be
found.
A profoundness...
All children die,
some by age,
some by death.

Poem by
Twyla Turnbow Sorrells
Wichita Falls, TX

The Impossible Day

Another unseen fire
Another wordless trail
Another never on its way
Another Heaven fails
Another Pharaoh without remorse
Another sacred alibi
Another trumpet blares
Another wretch licks his wounds
What shadow would steal
My scred art
What Demon would sell
My broken heart
When it's over, on the dawn of
The Impossible Day
Another sleepless night
Another letter home
Another reason why
Another war
Another crime
Another broken man
Another broken dream
Another shattered hand
Another wasted empty life
When it's over, when it's over
On the Dawn of
The Impossible Day
Another wasted life...

Poem by Tommy Lourdes
Meriden, CT

SHEETS

I'm washing away your pain
with all of my tears
This pain's become mine over the years
Your quiet cries that only I hear
Silently as I drown your fear
I'm cleaning up this mess you made
The stains just won't seem to fade
The spattered sheets on which you laid
This awful, bloody mess you made
I'm dieing just to feel you by my side
I'm dieing just so that you cannot hide
I'm dieing for all the times they lied
I'm dieing to feel
how it felt when you died

Poem by Chrissy Fraser CANADA

The Victim

Dark and cold and rainy night...
Last night that I will see.
I'll taste from the cup of insanity and fear,
And then my soul will be free.
I can't believe this is happening.
A one way ticket through Hell.
No turning back, please, help me out of this!
God, are you deaf to my raging cries!?
Are you blind to the frightened tears
That are swelling up my eyes!?
This creature of insanity,
I'm within his powerful grasp.
How can this thing be human???
Lord, give me strength until the last!
I feel the cold blade puncture me.
I feel blood draining fast.
I shed one last tear,
As I give my life up to the past.
I feel myself slip away,
A lost soul in the night.
I'm free now from this hellish stalker,
I've lost without a fight.
I watch him hug my corpse,
As my cloudy eyes look on.
I watch him caress my cold, white face...
My body no longer feels fear or sorrow,
But my soul is caught in pain.
I was just another victim...
ANOTHER VICTIM SLAIN!

Poem by Siobhan Tate
Apple Creek, OH

I've thought your thoughts,
I've cried your tears,
I've worried your worries,
I've felt your fears.
I've lied your lies,
I've suffered your pain,
I've lived your life,
I've felt your shame.
I've hidden your secrets,
I've lit your way,
I've been you for you,
Every single day.

Poem by Laura Homreich

CRAYOLA

Give me red
so I can colour the bloody scars you have given me
Give me blue
for the piercing blue I see in your eyes...
When they look me over like a cheap piece of meat
Give me pink
for the little girl ribbons in my hair
Because you love them so much
Give me silver
for the knife I will need to defend myself
When you start knocking at my door
(Help Me...)
I will colour the door black
For beyond my room, that is all there is...
(I'm scared...)
Even my crayons are one with agaony and pain
A pretty picture is a lie
So I colour you hate and danger
With my little girl colour crayons...
(Father forgive me)
Forgive me please.

Poem by
Sarah Rain Starr
Boynton Beach, FL

Never To Forget

It was a matter of seconds
the transition took place.
I cannot recite a detailed account
of what happened in the time-span
of this immense second
with emotional emphasis,
for many have gone
without the aid of time,
making the past too limited;
which is frozen
in perpetual sedentary.
In the eyes of my mind,
as my body-mass floats aimlessly
further into infinity,
the fragments I'm able to invoke
are melding memories that tear
from my melancholy eyes
as my mind drowns
in continual sorrow
and somber regret...
the cold visions,
the pain in the heaviness
of my soul,
never shall I forget.
It felt as if I've been pulled apart
as the rope tore my life
from behind
the serene veil of mortality.
and thrust me into an
unfathomable pool of darkness,
where only my vision
is of the toppled chair...
lifeless and still...
below my swaying feet.

Dean Adams
Crescent City, CA

Going...Going...Gone!

Sound of mind and body, falling by my hand. I am no longer Immortal, freedom is the soul. Taking this own life, causing self-destruction... cuz life is just a probation, and my sentence has expired. The time has come to pull the ground above my head and rest this soul in silence... Going on a v-v-v-voyage... Voyage to the end of the night. (Sound of a gun shot...) Going...Going...Gone! (Evil screams, fires roar, heartbeats race...) Oh No! What has become of me!? I've fallen out of Eternity! Oh Almighty...Hear my plea... I was wrong.. HELP ME!!! Reach down from your Heavenly grave, pull me through these burning flames. Make your exit, don't stop now, Help me please! Show me how! Call my name, one by one.. take me to where the light is shun. Use your power against the fiery light. Bring me back, Oh dear Master... I wish to live everafter! My soul is here... it did not die! My soul is screaming, yes, screaming cries. Down below is where I dwell... my soul is disappearing within this Hell! Call to me upon the christening hour, pull me through this burning shower! Oh Almighty, hear this plea! God almighty, can you hear me??? Oh dear Lord, rescue me!!! (Silence falls... not a sound...) Can you hear me?? Can anyone hear me??? (Slowly Fear approaches toward the victim... laughing, hissing, grasping... pulling the bleeding soul down...) Going...Going...Gone!!

Poem by Pleazant c 1997

Recognition

In quiet innocence, tenderly resting secure, pure,
A trusting soul forging ideals stumbled incultpably into darkness...
Grotto of cognizance thrust blatantly into childhood,
Stripping tender heart, casting forever into confinement
Of infinity, shattered like so many panes from stained glass windows;
Crimson assailant, have you seen the raptured remains
Left in your hideous wake of treachery?
No vengeance worthy of... such heinousness, none fitting;
Unfolding capability slaugytered like lambs at Passover.
More than innocence mortified, more than beauty...
Human essence affronted, falling by the wayside of life
Truth and love pass by as mortal enemy lay in wait,
Spoilling for bloody revolution of the highest sort.
She took her secret, buried in a shoebox corner of thought,
Regressing to servitude, ever heaping higher mounding
Rubbish atop her secret, that none might expose,
Discernment falls into ancient baptismals of grand cathedrals;
Lending itself to emotional evasion in matters of the private sort;
Morbidity enshrines as a cocoon encases the caterpillar
It is Autumn, while cocoons abound, soon comes glacial Winter
But the spring comes, when caterpillar blossoms into
Emergent beauty of delicately eloquent butterfly.

Poem by
Twyla Turnbow Sorrells
Waco, TX

Bed of Roses

Tonight
I fell asleep on a bed of roses
Drifting away...
Dreaming sweet dreams
Soft scarlet petals
Pristine in their beauty,
But beauty is vain
and not what it seems
The silence around me
it echoes my pain...

As the thorns pierce into my skin
The blood seeping out...
It matches the roses
So nobody knows
the pain that I'm in

I wake up in Heaven
I feel like I'm blind
But the vision on Earth
clearly I see
I didn't die alone
No...
You were right there
Holding me close
and saying you loved me

Nobody understands why
I took my own life
Everyone thought it was perfect
Perfect like a rose...
But roses aren't perfect
The thorns can do more
than just prick...

Poem by
Sarah Rain Starr
Boynton Beach, FL

STOP USING WORDS THAT HURT!!!
START USING WORDS THAT HELP!!!

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

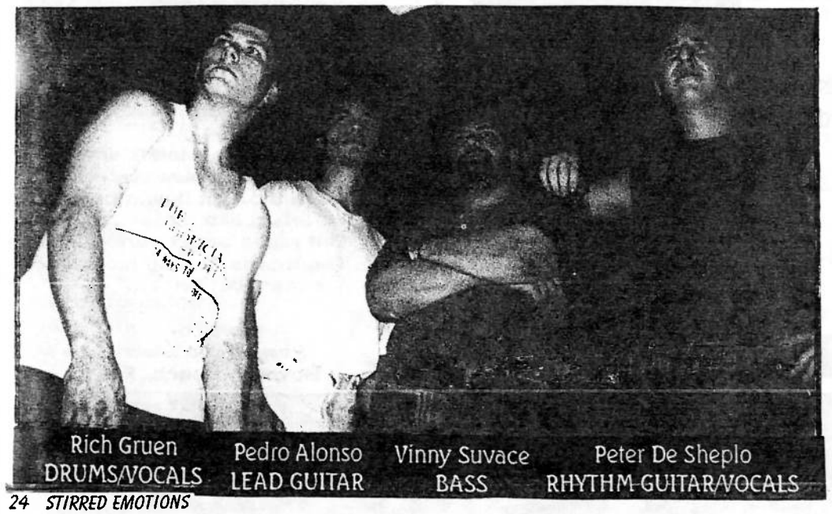
THE STARVING ARTIST INTERVIEW PAGE

First off, I want to thank Pleazant for giving me the opputunity to write this column for STIRRED EMOTIONS. I've always considered myself an artist, and **OnLy ThE sTrOnG sUrViVe** is for and about artists of all kinds. So, if creative thinking is your forte, if you wake up with songs in your head, if you carry a book of poems everywhere you go, if making something from nothing is what you live for, and most importantly, if you've grasped the fact that success and money are NOT one in the same... then send me something about yourself and what you do...

THIS COLUMN IS YOURS.

By Scott Hildner

I don't know if anyone has noticed yet, but **METAL** is back in a big time way again! Radio is playing old **OZZY** and **MOTLEY CRUE** like mad. What's going on you say? What's going on is, there's a whole new generation of ,music fans out there starving for songs that have some substance to them. Something you can sink your teeth into. **SOMETHING REAL!** If you listen closely, you can hear the new breed of heavy musicians struggling to get their voices heard. They are taking all the things that were great about the **80's METAL**, and applying what was learned about working hard, staying local, and watching your fellow musicians back from the strong indie scenes of **NEW YORK CITY HARD-CORE** and **SEATTLE GRUNGE**. What you get is **SUPER HEAVY, SLAMMING MUSIC** with 0% pretension. The band I spoke with in this interview totally exemplifies this.



Rich Gruen DRUMS/VOCALS | Pedro Alonso LEAD GUITAR | Vinny Suvace BASS | Peter De Sheplo RHYTHM GUITAR/VOCALS

S4L LOGO BY STIRRED EMOTIONS (C) 1997

"We are, more or less, the vocalization of the wounded. There are many out there, including ourselves, who have been injured in various ways by the hurdles of life and fellow humans. This wounding further forms our personalities and supercedes our actions. In simple terms, we have become scarred... and that is what our music is about."
-- Scarred 4 Life

Scarred 4 Life are from Fort Lee, New Jersey. I hung out with them in their attic recording studio during a post show house party they threw...

ME: How did the band originally hook up?

PETE: I hooked up with Vinny cause we both went to Fort Lee High School together. We had a singer that introduced us to Rich. We kicked the singer out and kept Rich. Rich and Pedro were in a band together before that, so when we needed another guitarist he said, "why don't we try Pedro out?"

ME: How long have you been together?

VINNY: Pete and I have been together for about 4 years. Rich has been in for 3, and Pedro has only been around for about a month.

ME: Was tonight your first show?

PEDRO: Yea, I thought I wasn't ready. They put me through a crash course to learn the songs!
RICH: And you were damn good!
VINNY: He was so scared, we were gonna tie him to the bumper of the car to get him to the place.

ME: That was a great show to start off with! There was at least 100+ in that room. What were you doing before this band?

PEDRO: Nothing! (everyone laughs) Just little things. Me and a bass player tried putting ads in the papers for people but never found anyone.

ME: What kind of stuff do you listen to?

PEDRO: I grew up at my Uncle's house. He played a lot of blues. Stevie Ray Vaughan. Great stuff like that.

ME: Have you always played original music?

PETE: Yea. Once in a while we'll play some Sacred Reich or Life Of Agony.
RICH: We tried Alice in Chains, but we totally murdered it, so we decided to just leave them in peace.

ME: So, who else are you influenced by?

PETE: My main band has always been Anthrax. I love 'em. The new stuff is not the same as the old, but I still love it!
RICH: When I picked up the sticks I started playing a lot of Ozzy, Iron Maiden, Sepultura, and some Anthrax too. I just got into Jazz and Rhythm and Blues. I'll listen to anything from Country to Hard-Core. You name it. It all comes out when I'm on the kit.
VINNY: I started out listening to Kiss when I was real young. I grew up on old Rock, but the first band I was ever in was a Death Metal/Speed Metal band, so that put me into heavy stuff right away.
PETE: I confess, I used to listen to rap. In sixth grade I went to an MC Hammer concert with Vanilla Ice opening... (everyone laughs).
VINNY: Oh, that's it! I'm quitting the band! I can't be here with you.

ME: You listened to bad rap. At least say you were into Public Enemy or LL Cool J.
PETE: I love them too. The old rap I still listen to is P.E., Run DMC and Third Base.
VINNY: I'm still quitting the band.
PETE: Every night when I was trying to fall asleep, my sister would be playing Metallica in her room. That's how it got into my mind. Then i heard Anthrax, and that was it. The next day I went and bought every record they had and started guitar lessons. I'd like to shout out to my teacher Eric Horn. He taught everyone and their mother. I learned every Anthrax song, and after a year I just thought, "This is fine, but I want to write my own music". I wanted to put together my ultimate band that would eventually go somewhere with music. I thought I had that band in the beginning, but it all kinda fell apart. All due to drugs, I might add! I've lost more musicians to drugs than I can possibly say. They would come to practice completely stoned and play the songs thirty times too slow!

ME: You told me before that you were straightedge. Straightedge is a big scene lately when it comes to heavy music. Does this enter into your music at all?

PETE: I'm not straightedge to the punk point. I'm not getting up and preaching. I still hang out at parties where people do drugs and stuff, but whatever. I'm just not gonna do it. As long as the guys in my band can function, we're good.

ME: Let me ask you about your words. What was it you said to the crowd before you went on tonight?

PETE: I say the same thing before every show. "We are Scarred For Life, whether you like the music or not, you can relate to the lyrics, cause each and every one of you (like us) in some way is truly scarred for life."

ME: Who writes the lyrics?

EVERYONE: We all do!
PETE: All the lyrics are about personal things that have happened to us. One song is about my Mother dying, another is about families and how we were raised.
VINNY: We all put in our own ideas together, but you kinda tell which song is different because of who wrote it. Individual experiences change things.
PETE: On a lighter note, we want everyone to know that Scarred 4 Life is the name of the band, but not every song is like, "life sucks and we're gonna kill ourselves."
VINNY: Scarred 4 Life means you get hurt, and you get over it. Enjoy the rest of your life!
PETE: It's like, somewhere in the back of everyone's mind there is something that happened to them that hurt them, but also helped make them the person they are. Hopefully through music we can help people get to that place and work things out. It's ;like a global goal for us.
RICH: We don't really write about the typical Rock N' Roll, sex and drugs stuff. Those are the type of things that seem to bring people towards trouble. We touch on things that hurt, because they are the things we have all been through. Sometimes I'll show a song we are working on to one of my friends, and they'll say "I've been there!" That's what we're going for.

We'd also like to say that we are very into unity between bands and fans. We never want to be those guys standing on a 30 ft. high stage away from the people that came to see them. The key is to stick with the local band thing. I'd rather get together with other bands like us and start running shows ourselves. I don't like dealing with clubs and their owners that much. So if anyone out there is in a band, and you want to talk about doing shows, or just talk about life, please contact us!
Vinny: We want to put on a huge show in North Jersey soon, and call it the "Localpallooza", so call us!

You can contact
SCARRED 4 LIFE
through Pete De Sheplo
at (201) 224-4061

or write him at:

SCARRED FOR LIFE
Attn: Pete D.
1118 Cumbermeade Rd.
Fort Lee, NJ 07024

or email
Rich Gruen at
Tamahawke@aol.com

As always, if you are an artist that has something to tell the world, or if you have anything cool for OTSS, Send me your pictures, bio's, CD's, tapes, photcopies, and assorted junk. This coloumn is yours!

OnLy ThE sTrOnG sUrViVe
Attn: Scott Hildner
261 Morningside Ave.
Cliffside Park, NJ 07010

*Scott Hildner is the bass palyer for the NJ based band TRUTHCIRCLE.

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STIRRED EMOTIONS CREATE-A-PAGE

LOCATED ON THE GUIDELINES PAGE.

"You Call it Halloween... We Call it Samhain."

by The Witches Voice West Medford. Mass

October 31st,

commonly called Halloween, is associated with many customs. Some of them mysterious, some lighthearted, some of them down right odd! Why do we bob for apples? Carve pumpkins into Jack-O-Lanterns? And tell ghost stories on this night? Why do children, dressed in fantastical costumes, go door-to-door asking for candy? How is Halloween connected to All Soul's Day, celebrated by some Christian Denominations on November 1st? And what is the significance of this holiday to modern-day Witches?

A Brief History of Halloween

Halloween has its origins in the British Isles. While the modern tradition of trick or treating developed in the US, it too is based on folk customs brought to this country with Irish immigrants after 1840. Since ancient times in Ireland, Scotland and England... October 31st has been celebrated as a feast for the dead, and also the day that marks the new year. Mexico observes a Day of the Dead on this day, as do other world cultures. In Scotland, the Gaelic word "Samhain" (pronounced 'SAW-win' or 'SAW-vane') means literally summer's end. Other names for this holiday include: All Hallows Eve ('hallow' means sanctity), Hallowtide, Hallowmass, Hallows, The Day of the Dead, All Soul's Night, All Saint's Day (both on November 1st.)

For early Europeans, this time of the year marked the beginning of the cold, lean months to come, the flocks were brought in from the fields to live in sheds until spring. Some animals were slaughtered, and the meat preserved to provide food for winter. The last gathering of crops was known as 'Harvest Home', celebrated with fairs and festivals.

In addition to its agriculture significance, the ancient Celts also saw Samhain as a very spiritual time. Because October 31st lies exactly between the Autumnal Equinox and the Winter Solstice, it is theorized that ancient peoples, with their reliance on astrology, thought it was a very potent time for magic and communion with spirits. The 'veil between the worlds' of the living and the dead was said to be at its thinnest on this day, so the dead were invited to return to feast with their loved ones, welcomed in from the cold, much as the animals were brought inside. Ancient customs range from placing food out for the dead ancestors, to performing rituals for communicating with those who had passed over.

Communion with the dead was thought to be the work of witches and sorcerers, although the common folk thought nothing of it. Because of the rise of the Church led to growing suspicion of the Pagan Ways of country dwellers, Samhain also became associated with witches, black cats ('familiars' or animal friends), bats (night creatures), ghosts and other 'spooky' things... the stereotype of the old hag riding the broomstick is simply a caricature... fairy tales have exploited this image for centuries.

Divination of the future was also commonly practiced at this magically-potent time, since it was also Celtic New Year, people focused on their desires for the coming year. Certain traditions, such as bobbing for apples, roasting nuts in the fire and baking cakes which contained tokens of luck, are actually ancient methods of telling fortunes.

So What About Those Jack-O-Lanterns?

Other old traditions have survived to this day... laterns carved out of pumpkins and turnips were used to provide light on a night when the huge bonfires were lit, and all households let their fires go out so they could be rekindled from this new fire, this was believed to be good luck for all households. The name 'Jack-O-Lantern' means 'Jack of the Lantern' and comes from an old Irish tale. Jack was a man who could enter neither Heaven nor Hell and was condensed to wander through the night with only a candle in a turnip for light. Or so goes the legend...

But such folk names were commonly given to nature spirits, like the 'Jack of the Green', or to plants believed to possess magical properties, like 'John O' Dreams' or 'Jack in the Pulpit.' Irish fairy tales is full of such references. Since candles placed in hallowed out pumpkins or turnips (commonly grown for food and abundant at this time of year) would produce flickering flames, especially on cold nights in October, this phenomenon may have led to the association of spirits with the lanterns, and this in turn may have led to the tradition of carving scary faces into them. It is an old legend that candle flames which flicker on Samhain night are being touched by the spirits of dead ancestors, or 'ghosts.'

Okay, What About the Candy?

'Trick or Treat' as it is practiced in the US is a complex custom believed to derive from several Samhain traditions, as well as being unique to this country. Since Irish immigrants were predominantly Catholic, they were more likely to observe All Soul's Day. But Ireland's folk traditions die hard, and the old ways of Samhain were remembered. The old tradition of going door-to-door asking for donations of money or food for the New Year 's feast, was carried over to the US from the Bristish Isles. Hogmanay was celebrated January1st in rural Scotland, and there are records of a 'trick or treat' type custom, curses would be invoked on those who did not give generously, while those who did give from their hearts were blessed and praised. Hence the notion of 'trick or treat' was born (although this greeting was not commonly used until the 1930's in the US.) The wearing of costumes is an ancient practice. Villagers would dress as ghosts to escort the spirits of the dead to the outskirts of the town, at the end of the night's celebration.

By the 1920's, 'trick or treat' became a way of letting off steam for those urban poor living in crowded conditions. Innocent acts of vandalism (soaping windows, etc..) gave way to violent, cruel acts. Organizations, like the Boy Scouts, tried to organize ways for this holiday to become safe and fun. They started the practice of encouraging 'good' children to visit shops and homes asking for treats, so as to prevent criminal acts. These 'beggar's nights' became very popular and have evolved to what we know as Halloween today.

What Do Modern Witches Do at Halloween?

It is an important holiday for us. Witches are diverse, and practice a variety of traditions. Many of us use this time to practice forms of divination (such as tarot and runes). Many Witches also perform rituals to honor the dead and may invite the deceased loved ones to visit for a time, if they choose. This is not a 'seance' in the usual sense of the word. Witches extend an invitation, rather than summoning the dead, and we believe the world of the dead is very close to this one. So on Samhain, and again on Beltane (May1st), when the veil between the worlds is thin, we attempt to travel between those worlds. This is done through meditation, visualization and astral projection. Because Witches acknowledge human existence as part of the cycle of life, death and rebirth. Samhain is a time to reflect on our mortality, and to confront our fears of dying.

Some Witches look on Samhain as a time to prepare for the long, dark months of winter, a time of introspection and drawing inward. They may bid good0bye to the summer and one last celebratory rite. They may harvest feasts, with vegetables and fruits they have grown, or home-brewed cider or mead. They may give thanks for what they have, projecting for abundance through winter. Still others may celebrate with costume parties, enjoying treats and good times with friends. There are so many ways of observing Samhain as there are witches in the world.

Poem and Design by
Iolsta Hatt
Tremont, PA

When I took your name
you ripped out my heart
and wore it
pinned to your lapel
as a sign of victory
and the blood dripped
down and stained your suit
and you got angry and beat me
because of it
because of the blood
because I had so very much of it
And sometimes my black eyes
and swollen face
embarrassed you
and because of that
you flew into rages
and beat me all the more
Tonight I'm giving you
back your name
and with it
I'm returning
every bit of humiliation
you ever caused me
when my legs were spread
Tonight I'm tearing
my heart off of your lapel
and putting it back
inside where it belongs
and if by some chance
it starts to beat again
maybe, just maybe
I'll think once, even twice
before I throw you on the table
and take as MY sign
of victory...
your head!

Iolsta Hatt©

Proceed To My Protection
(A Wiccan Promise)

PROCEED TO MY PROTECTION
IT MAY BE ALL YOU'LL FIND
UPON THE EVER-WINDING PATH OF SORROW
MY GATES ARE OPEN AND READY
WHEN YOU REACH, IF YOU DO
DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED IF I'M GONE
I'M ONLY GONE TO FIND MORE WAYS
TO PROCEED IN PROTECTION FOR YOU
SO JUST REMEMBER
I'M THROUGH ALL THE
BAD, SICK, SORROWFUL AND SORRY DAYS
I'M JUST HERE FOR ALL OF YOU!

FOR MORE INFO, CONTACT:
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WICCAN LOVE
C/O THERESA TROSINSKI
157 ETHEL ST.
MENLO PARK METUCHEN, NJ 08840

Morbid Shaving Poem

Tonight, when I got out of the bathtub,
I noticed blood dripping down my leg...
And I wondered
What would happen
If I bled to death
And the blood got on the carpet...
Would you come in,
Tell me to make up
And Clean-up
The mess that I made?

Poem by Sarah Rain Starr
Boynton Beach, FL

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The 21 WORST Things To Say To A Police Officer

1) I can't reach my license unless you hold my beer.
2) Sorry, Officer, I didn't realize my radar detector wasn't plugged in.
3) Aren't you the guy from the Village People?
4) Hey, you must've been doing about 125 mph to keep up with me! Cool!
5) Excsuse me, Is "stick up" hypenated?
6) I thought you had to be in relatively good shape to be a police officer.
7) I was going to be a cop, but I decided to finish high school instead.
8) Bad cop! No donut!!
9) You're not gonna check the trunk, are ya?
10) Gee, that gut sure doesn't inspire confidence.
11) Didn't I see you get your butt kicked on COPS?
12) Wow! You look just like the guy in the picture on my girlfriend's nightstand.
13) Is it true that people become cops because they are too dumb to work at McDonalds?
14) Look here! I pay your salary!!
15) So, uh, are you on the take, or what?
16) Gee, Officer! That's terrific! The last officer gave me a warning too!
17) Do you know why you pulled me over? OK, just so one of us does.
18) I was trying to keep up with traffic. Yes, I know there is no other car around, that's how far ahead of me they are.
19) What do you mean, "Have I been drinking?" You're the trained specialist!
20) Well, when I reached down to pick up my bag of crack, my gun fell off my lap and got lodged between the brake pedal and the gas pedal, forcing me out of control.
21) Hey, is that a 9mm? That's nothing compared to this 44 magnum...

CHAOS THEORY Presents...
The Top 20 Reasons Why Chocolate is Better than SEX

1) It's easy to get chocolate (and as often as you wish!)
2) "If you love me, you'll swallow" is really what you want to do anyway
3) Chocolate satisfies even when it has gone soft.
4) You can safely have chocolate while you are driving.
5) You can make chocolate last as long as you want.
6) You can have chocolate even in front of your parents.
7) Two people of the same sex can have chocolate without being called nasty names.
8) The word 'commitment' never scares off chocolate.
9) You can have chocolate on your desk during work and not upset your co-workers.
10) You can ask a stranger for chocolate without getting your face slapped.
11) When you have chocolate late at night, it won't wake up the kids.
12) Good chocolate is easy to find.
13) You can have as many kinds of chocolate as you can handle.
14) You are never too young or too old for chocolate.
15) With chocolate, size doesn't matter... it's always good.
16) Whith chocolate, there's no need to fake it.
17) You don't get hairs in your mouth with chocolate.
18) Chocolate doesn't make you pregnant.
19) You can have chocolate anytime of the month.
20) If you bite the nuts too hard the chocolate won't mind.

CHAOS THEORY Presents...
The 24 Rules a Woman Should Know! (But men will NEVER tell them)

1) It is only common courtesy that you leave the seat on the toilet up when you done.
2) Don't make him hold your purse in the mall.
3) Shopping is NOT fascinating.
4) When he asks for a threesome with you and your friend, he is only joking.
5) Unless the answer is Yes!
6) In which case... can he video tape it?
7) If you really want a nice guy, stop dating good-looking assholes!
8) Those male models with perfect bodies are gay, accept it!
9) He heard you the first time.
10) You know you can ask him out, let's spread the rejection around a little.
11) If you truly want honesty, don't ask questions you don't really want the answer to.
12) Of course he wants another beer.
13) Any sort of injury involving the testicles, is not funny.
14) "Fine!" is not an acceptable way to end an argument.
15) Do not question a man's innate navigational abilities by suggesting he stop and ask for directions.
16) He is not looking at that other girl.
17) He is the funniest, strongest, best looking man you have ever met.
18) All of your friends think so too, especially the cute ones.
19) It is not neccessary to discuss the heaviness of your menstral flow with him.
20) Two words: BLOW JOB! Learn it! Live it! Love it!
21) Of course size matters and doesn't he have the granddaddy of them all!!
22) Watching football games is a major turn-on for you, but wait till half-time to act upon it.
23) He doesn't want to be just friends.
24) This is the key to the perfect date, it begins with the woman muttering... "You know, why don't we skip the expensive dinner and just stay here and have freaky circus sex all night!"

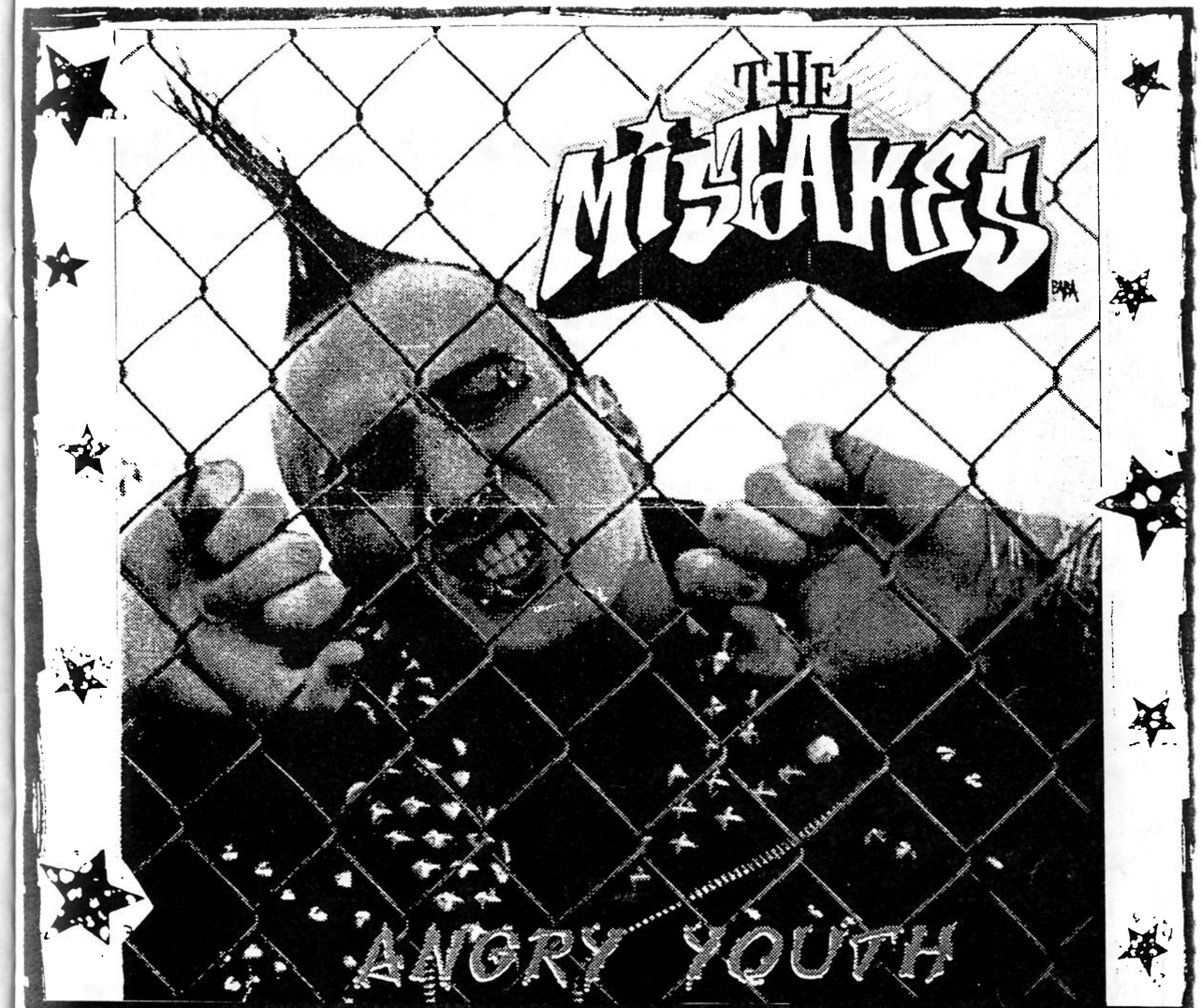
ARKANSAS FAMILY PLANNING

After having their 10th child, an Arkansas couple decided that was enough. So the husband went to his doctor and told him that he and his wife didn't want anymore children. The doctor told him that there was this procedure called a Vasectomy that could fix the problem. The doctor told the man that he was to go home, get a cherry bomb, put it in a can, then hold the can up to his ear and count to ten.

The Arky said to the doctor, "I may not be the smartest man, but I don't see how putting a cherry bomb in a can next to ear is going to help me!!??"

So the couple drove to Missouri to get a second opinion. The doctor was just about to tell them about the procedure for the Vasectomy when he noticed they were from Arkansas. This doctor also told him to go home and get a cherry bomb, place it in a can, hold it next to his ear and count to ten.

Figuring that both doctors couldn't be wrong, the man went home, lit the cherry bomb and put it in a can. He held the can up to ear and began to count, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5..." at which point he paused, placed the can between his legs and resumed counting on his other hand. Submitted by Paggy Marshall East Windsor, NJ



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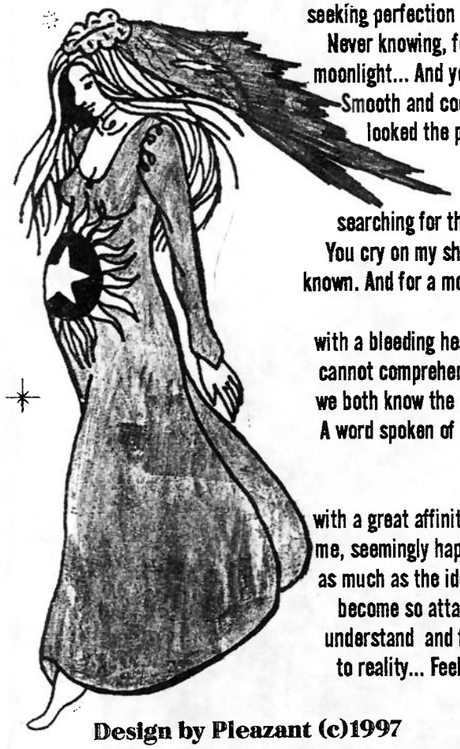
A STARBELLY ANGEL



Poem by Chrissy Fraser CANADA

A STARBELLY ANGEL
seeking perfection in the dark and corrupted fissure... seeking deep...deeper... for the one whom he belongs. Never knowing, for sure, exactly, what it is he craves. I found you there, in your forlorn state, in the pale moonlight... And you found yourself, sitting there... Looking like a scorched angel. Fragile. Almost porcelain. Smooth and cool. Your tangled long blonde hair falling almost gracefully around your cherub face. You looked the part. And I yearned to reach out and touch that, which seems so perfectly angelic, that I am not sure if it even exists in reality or purely in my own mind.

A STARBELLY ANGEL
searching for that which he knows stands right before him. Scared and whimpering. I found you there. You cry on my shoulder for a moment and I ponder why I have shown such kindeness for one I have never known. And for a moment, all time ceases to exist. We cross the Great Divide and for a moment, I, too, am He.

A STARBELLY ANGEL
with a bleeding heart, candy coated with a dose of overwhelming depression. He feels the pain of so many. I cannot comprehend all he has been through and all he has felt. You look at me with your plaintive eyes and we both know the inevitable. Silently you plead with me and we argue without words. Words are not needed. A word spoken of the mouth is little more than a loud way to express that which two, who truly understand each other, already know.

A STARBELLY ANGEL
with a great affinity for everything and nothing all at once. He has found what it is he sought and sits beside me, seemingly happy... Drinking what he knows will be his last drink. He will be the martyr to his cause and, as much as the idea horrifies me, it amuses him. I lost you there, in the pale moonlight. I wonder how I can become so attached to one who has entered and exited my life in a matter of moments. And I suddenly understand and for a time, I feel, as though, I have attained total Nirvana. I sigh as I come crashing back to reality... Feeling as though you have taken a part of me with you. But, I am strong. I stand and brush myself off... Knowing that I, too, am forever cursed...
A STARBELLY ANGEL!!!

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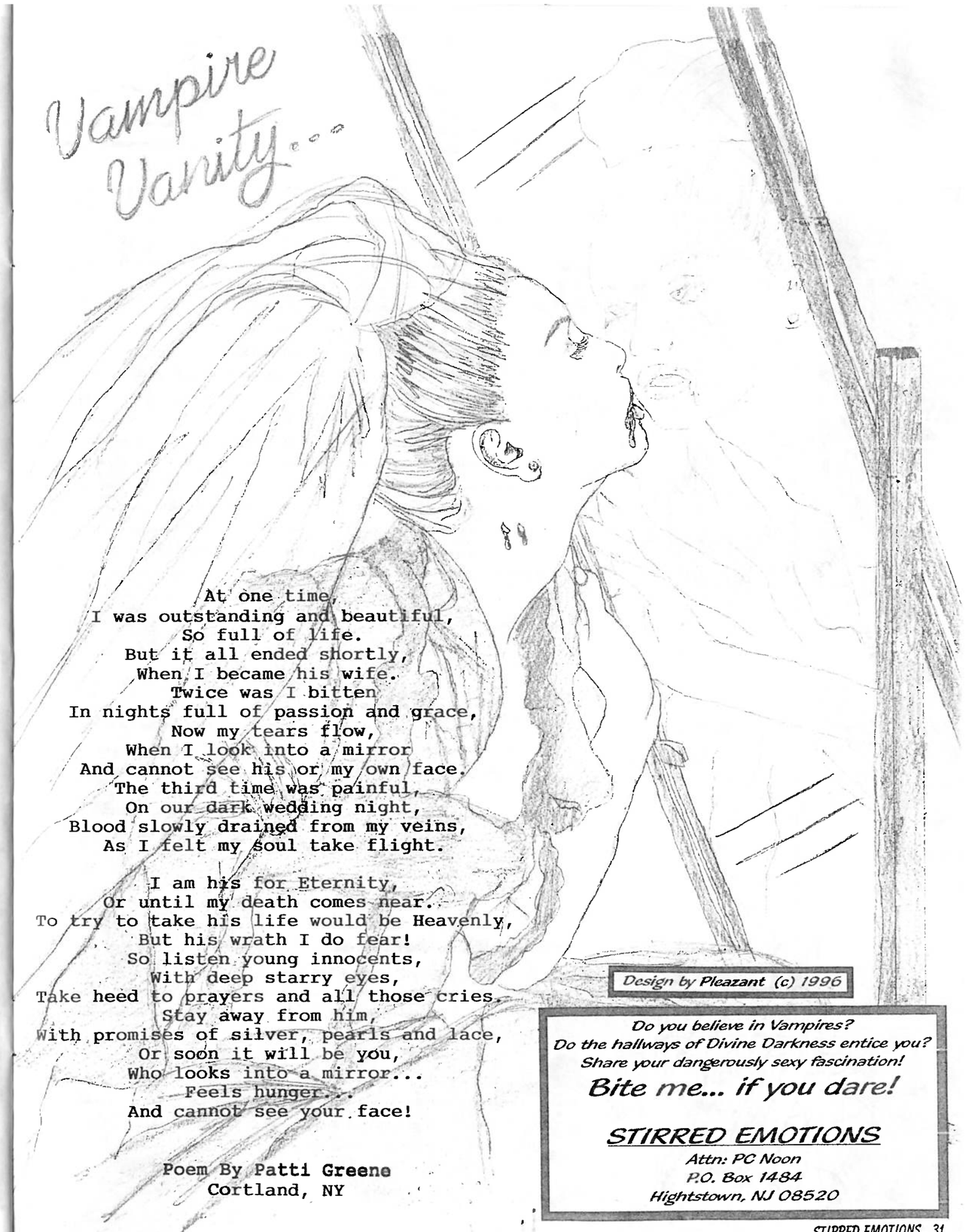


At one time,
I was outstanding and beautiful,
So full of life.
But it all ended shortly,
When I became his wife.
Twice was I bitten
In nights full of passion and grace,
Now my tears flow,
When I look into a mirror
And cannot see his or my own face.
The third time was painful,
On our dark wedding night,
Blood slowly drained from my veins,
As I felt my soul take flight.

I am his for Eternity,
Or until my death comes near.
To try to take his life would be Heavenly,
But his wrath I do fear!
So listen young innocents,
With deep starry eyes,
Take heed to prayers and all those cries.
Stay away from him,
With promises of silver, pearls and lace,
Or soon it will be you,
Who looks into a mirror...
Feels hunger...
And cannot see your face!

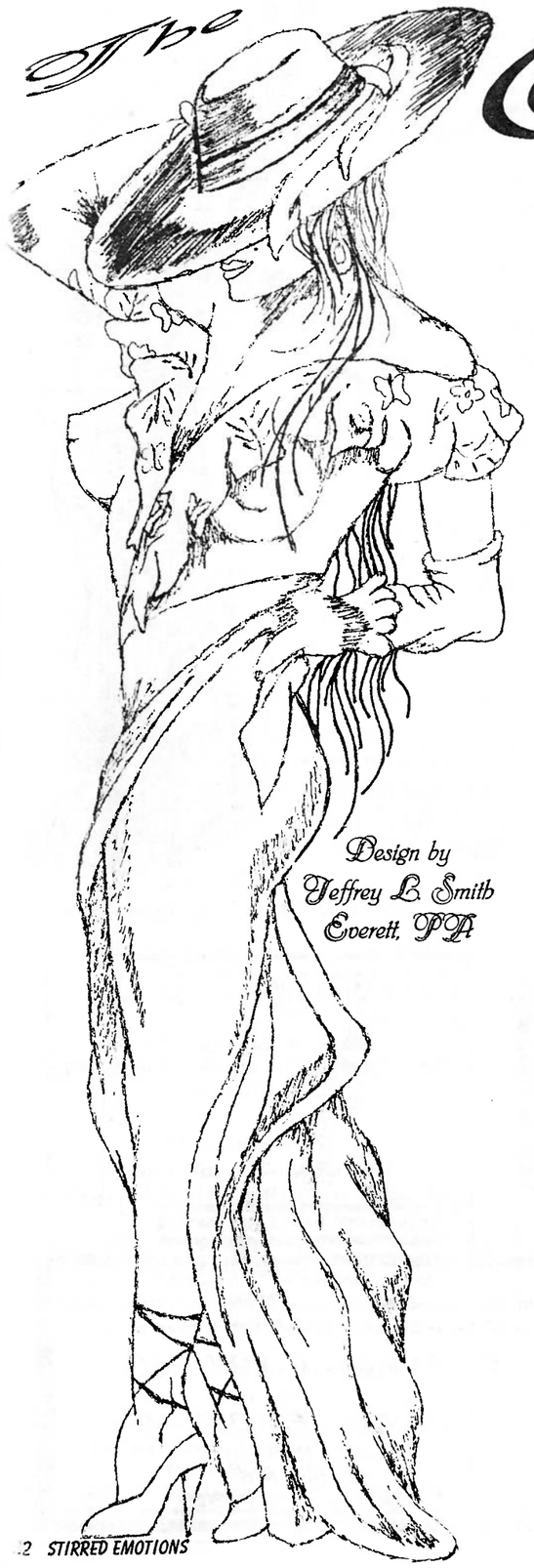
Poem By Patti Greene
Cortland, NY

Design by Pleazant (c) 1996

Do you believe in Vampires?
Do the hallways of Divine Darkness entice you?
Share your dangerously sexy fascination!

Bite me... if you dare!

STIRRED EMOTIONS
Attn: PC Noon
P.O. Box 1484
Hightstown, NJ 08520



The Chase...

Story by Carey Fontaine Cincinnati, OH

He loved her because she disappeared down the street in black pumps and beige overcoat, naked underneath. He loved her as she hurried around the corner. He loved her as she carried a flared sun-yellow umbrella over her head and wore yellow pumps beneath her feet, and nothing else. He loved her as she went by the local school in her school girl's outfit. He loved her as she ducked into the leather store and emerged in a mini-leather skirt. He entered the store, grabbed her clothes and resumed the chase. He loved her white panties she flashed as she raised the leather skirt from behind. He loved the way she strutted afterwards, confident, towards the university in her bare feet and leather skirt. He loved the way she dished her panties and skirt before sneaking backstage. He loved as she sang "Carmen" nude on stage at the top of her lungs in operatic brilliance. He ran down the aisles to catch her. He loved the way she hopped on one foot as she wiggled her red G-string as she exited the side stage door. He stood in the stage exit door and loved her as she raised her hand and voice saying, "What are you looking at!" to the shocked, tired cabby staring in awe at this red-haired beauty. The cabby drove on and disappeared down the boulevard. He loved as she freed her bronze-red hair and flung her red hair piece to the cement. He stopped to pick that up to... He loved the way her long legs casted a golden glow on businesses, cafes. He loved the way she dashed behind the corner, after flinging her long tresses of sunset-red hair over her shoulders twice, once to the right, then left. He loved the way she waited for him to catch up, winked her finger in a come-hither manner. He grew excited and loved the way she ran, her breasts and nipples flaunting their manifold expressions of happiness.

He loved the way she appeared dressed in a beige trench coat, black pumps and flashed him before she re-entered her townhouse apartment building on their quiet residential street. He loved her as he found her beige coat and one yellow pump by her ajared apartment door. He loved her as he heard her wild sexual release and wiffed her tantalizing Holy Grail oil beckoning him to finish his heroic adventure. He loved her as she ran through the living room pass the library. He espied her favorite short story, "The Chase", opened in her favorite erotic book of love. He dropped all of her clothes and precious undermentionables. He couldn't wait to leap through the doorway to see her laying down on her side, facing away from him, naked and asleep. She had done this before.

Suddenly he woke up... She woke up too, but with a naughty, seductive smile on her face... He saw her beige trench coat hanging over the chair by her bed, black pumps on the floor below, red G-string beside the sun-yellow umbrella, open. It hovered over the blue and gray checkered school girl's outfit from his girlfriend's younger days. A trail of clothes picked up with her discarded wet, white cotton panties, crumbled short leather mini dress, CD of Carmen opened, and missing, her red-hair barrette divided the doorway of the bedroom's sanctity and the bathroom's profanity (which he, they loved).

Her legs opened. She pulled her fingers from between her pleasure place, sniffed, appreciated the fragrance of her chalice. She knew it was a thing of mystical beauty but only a part of her priceless treasures. She whispered in a slow, raspy voice, "What are you looking at!" She brought them closer to his nostrils and made a come-hither expression as she moved her delicate fingers away from him and towards her. She kissed him, soft at first, harder afterwards. She reached for him. The magic began as they started making love for the third time...

Design by
Jeffrey L. Smith
Everett, PA

YOUR PHOTOS WANTED!

WANT TO BECOME A CHARACTER IN ONE OF MY DESIGNS?

All you have to do is send me a **clear 8x10 photo** of yourself, along with an informative note describing:
A FANTASY...A DREAM...AN INTEREST...LIKES...DISLIKES...WANTS...NEEDS...
ANYTHING YOU MAY THINK WILL HELP IN THE CREATION OF YOUR CHARACTER.

Various ideas include (but are **NOT** limited to):

Would you like to be a **VAMPIRE** out on a midnight feast? Ever secretly want to be a **ROCK N' ROLL SINGER?**
Have a fascination with the **DANGEROUS** sides of Life? Want to be transformed into a **TAINTED ANGEL?**
Wish you were a massive sword wielding **VIKING?** How about a **DEVIL** taunting your next victim?
Dream of riding the wind with a mysterious **PHANTOM?** Like to be a sexy voluptuous **SHOWGIRL?**
A tearful **SCORNED LOVER** seeking revenge? Or a gunslinging **OUTLAW** breaking the chains?
Or you could be a... well, **YOU TELL ME! The more imaginative, the better!**
INSPIRE ME!!!

ALL pieces I create will be considered for publication. Who knows, maybe your face will be on my next cover!

This invitation is FREE!!

You **MUST** enclose an appropriate sized **S.A.S.E.** if you'd like your original photo(s) returned!

However, if you can't wait to see **IF** you'll become a character in the new issues,
you may order your very own **GUARANTEED** drawing in full character!
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ALL ORDERED creations will be framed and variously sized (8x10 or larger...**MY CHOICE, PLEASE!**)

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NO HORROR, PLEASE!!! I'm much to happy of a person to kill anyone... even in creation!

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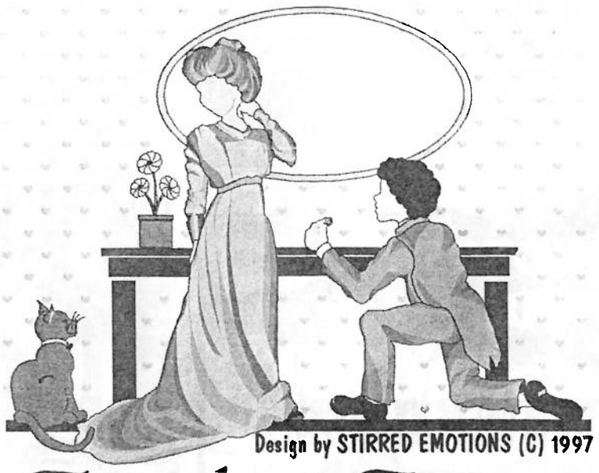

Design by STIRRED EMOTIONS (C) 1997

Together Forever

Together we could be
the love made from our dreams
and nothing would ever
stand in our way
we would fight the world so hard
and play our hand with every card
and still we would fall
in love again each day
Together in love... forever in love
together we will always be
forever in love... together in love
we are forever together in me...
To believe in Eternity
or to accept what's meant to be
you must first face the love
that's in your heart
and soon it will come to be
we're each others destiny
the kind of love that grows
when we're apart
Together in love... forever in love
together we will always be
forever in love... together in love
we are forever together in me...
Together we will be
what only others dream to be
our hearts will beat as one
in perfect time
Forever it will seem
a love like this that's meant to be
and we'll be us until
the end of time
We are Together in love
forever in love
together we will always be
forever in love... together in love
we are forever together
in me...

Poem by John Isaacs
Centereach, NY

I'd Give You The Moon

I'd give you the moon
if you just
held out your hand
I'd bring you the stars
if you let me
be your man
The sun is yours
just say the word
Your voice in my head
sweetest sound ever heard
I'd stop time
to stay near you
I'd turn it back
just to love you
I'd give up living
just to see you
My heart I would give
to touch your lips
My soul is yours
for just a kiss
My essence to keep
to see love in your eyes
My life to forfiet
to silence your cries
Heaven to sell
to have you love me
Hell to break down
to have you want me
The Earth could die
long as you keep me
The sky could fall
long as you trust me
I'd give you the moon
if you said to me tonight
I want the stars
and all will be right
If you asked for the sun
but wanted it blue
I'd paint it any color
to hear you say
"I Love You!"
I'd give you the moon

Poem by
Rax

"Here's to one... and only one... and may that one be he...
Who loves but one... and only one... and may that one be me..."
-- Unknown

To A True Goddess

To a true Goddess of Love, a rare and beautiful young dove,
to a modern day Aphrodite, one who put a spell on men like Nefertiri,
but it wasn't just beauty that made you special,
it was your feistiness and openess that made you above oridinary or trivial,
you were quite sensitive to things, from perceptions about you
to the grades professors bring,
you also shared with me things about yourself,
something that no other woman of your beauty would do herself,
not always speaking with true eloquence,
you were still someone who never quit
and used all your common sense.

I'll never forget when I first saw you, a woman in distress,
you approached me for intellectual assistance,
the Gods must have been smiling on me that day,
for very rarely a fine young creature like you ever came my way,
it was even more unique that you needed help,
with your work on the modern day abacus
which made you want to give it up,
that moment I saw your rare sensitivity,
the frustration and raw emotion of yours
made me scramble for my creativity,
creativity to think of ways of solving your dilemma,
because I was desperately trying to make an impression
on your beautiful aura,
well, after some work and plenty of fortune,
I had established a small place in your heart
which was better than none.

Weeks would pass before I would be again in your presence,
I was wondering if you would remember our previous acquaintance,
much to my delight, you did recall, and that was just the start of it all,
we would meet in the lounge of learning quite often,
for me, your heart would always soften,
as you would tell me your pet peeves in conversation,
while molding your beautiful hair and face to perfection,
I enjoyed those meetings very much,
because they were wonderful, fun, friendly and such,
your parking ticket escapades, and antihistimine dependence,
was great comedy and theatre in addition to your wonderful appearance,
sensitive about perceptions of your place of work,
you insisted that you had no association with exotic dancers of the dark.

Always calling me a good little egg in special times,
I have to admit that I've committed some crimes,
crimes of loving you and your beauty,
combined with your amazing sincerity,
telling me what was on your mind,
you were truly one of a kind
a kind that deserves the highest of regard and stature,
even long after you have forgotten to mature,
despite the fact, that nowadays,
you don't have as much time for sleep,
the title goes with being a true Goddess
will be forever yours to keep.

Poem by Greg Machos

South Plainfield, NJ

Powder In The Dust

My world is so huge! So much to see! And so much to explore!
So much left inside to pursue! My world captures the depths of intensity!
Oh, how I want so much more! Oh, how I want to give this to you!
We are powder in the dust! Sorting through all of the density!
Your world is so small! So very little to see!
And lost with not one thing left to explore!
Still so much inside of you! Truly you want to give your all!
Oh, how I want to take you so deep! Oh, how I could give you so much more!
We are the powder in the dust tangled in a magnetic fall!
Our world is so enormous! Never too much to see!
Always something magnificent for us to explore!
Oh, how we are beyond a grand generous! Oh, how well we fulfill our every genuine need!
We are powder in the dust, on a journey destined for so much more!

Poem by Ann Rich Columbia, SC

"My Love, My Dear"

I plan to love you, forever and a day
There is no price I wouldn't pay
So take my hand, to entwine
And spread your love, to unwind
Take me with you, to the dreamers land
You know that your wish is my command
Every passing day, my love will grow
And each moment together, it will show
I'll take you down in my loving embrace
For I yearn to see your beautiful face
So listen now, when I say 'I Love You'
Because you shall see, that it is true
Let's take our hearts to blend in Fate
As we know it's true... on our first date

Poem by Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

A Heart Beat
It pounds like a deep bass drum. A low droning, yet melodic hum. The deep essence of Love... more beautiful than the sky above. It is the beating of my heart. Where one beat stops, another will start. It beats with a love so strong and true. Please know my heart beats for only you.

Poem by
Joella Rumfield
Apple Creek, OH

Design by
STIRRED EMOTIONS
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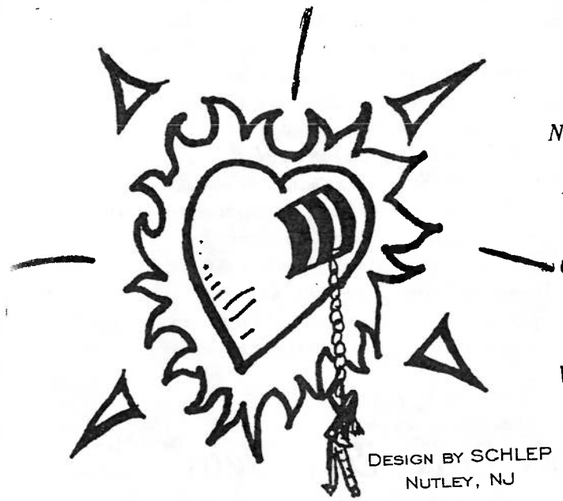
"If one judges Love by most of its results... its closer to hatred than friendship"



DESIGN BY SCHLEP
NUTLEY, NJ

TABLES HAVE TURNED

Tables have turned all the way around
I'm reeling with excitement, not feeling tied and bound
I'm feeling exhilaration, never thought it could be
Don't want it any longer, I've finally set him free
Yet, he still wants to be with me...
Don't feel the urgency to cater anymore
I'm feeling like a new person, not suffocated by my flaws
He's in my way now, never leaving me alone
Can't he see, I don't want him any longer
He still wants to be with me
I find myself hurting him now, not purposely, but unintentional
It is because I don't care
I found myself what I've been searching for
Don't feel the need for inspiration from him anymore
He was just a fixation that's now in the past
Never thought I would come this far
Never thought this not wanting would last

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

DID SOMEONE BREAK YOUR HEART?
HAVE YOU BROKEN SOMEONE'S?
ALL FORMS OF LOVE, INTIMACIES, BETRAYALS WANTED!
STIRRED EMOTIONS
P.O. BOX 1484
HIGHTSTOWN, NJ 08520

SLIPPING AWAY...

Remember those nights
We had so much fun
Now everything is dead and done
You said I was your friend
But, I guess, it was all pretend
I can feel you letting go
With the cold winds, you blow
Our friendship is slipping away
I lost you to the dark sea
I can't believe you lied to me
You know we're slipping away
We grow farther apart each day
I always wonder about you
And if you think of me, too
I was there for you
When you needed a friend
What did you intend?
If friendship lasts forever
Then why is this over?
You can call on me
If you need someone
Like the Moon follows the Sun
As a friend
I can give you protection
You need not fear rejection
Please don't let it end this way
But I know our friendship
Is slipping away
I lost you to the dark sea
I can't believe you lied to me
You know, we're slipping away
We grow farther apart each day

Poem by Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

Just Like a Shot of Lead

My world was dark till you came along
You made my life a happy song
But, you were just playing a game
With my heart
You took it away...
Tore it apart
I was down so very low before
And now you pushed me back for more
Your love is like a shot of lead
BANG! BANG!
And I'll be dead
Like a bullet in my heart
Like a bullet in my head
I felt my life stop instead of start
Just like a shot of lead
I gave you all my love...
So blind
Only for you to treat me unkind
Now I'm hurting because of you
And I just don't know what to do
So, once again, I'm left to cry
Just wishing that I could die
What in the world did I ever do to you?
For you to want to make me feels so blue!?
You left me here to die
Without a tear in your eye
Don't look for me at Dawn
Because, Baby, I'll be gone

Poem by Michael Vincent
Whitehall, PA

GOTTA RUN

I'm on the wrong side, you lied once again
Swore that you loved me
Now, you're saying we're just friends
If the talking I'm hearing proves to be true
I'll say it's over before you even do
But the days pass by me and I'm here on my own
And the words that you said still ring in my head
'Don't you worry, Baby, I'll be comin' back for you
I know I'm not in love this time but I really got to run'
I never knew you'd be the one
Feeling so confused and coming undone
If the times had meant nothing to you
I'll say it's over before you even do

Lyrics by John Werner, MOOD 13
Cliffside Park, NJ

Haunted By The Memory

I can picture at night
every time I close my eyes
Haunted by the memories
of the tears that filled your eyes
If I listen at night
I can still hear you say
I'm haunted by the memories
of a love that passed away
I can't follow you
on your journey into the light
you left me too soon
all alone in my bed at night
I can't follow you
now that you're flying free
you left me too soon
now I'm haunted by your memories
haunted by your memory
I... can't find peace of mind
I... in fact I'm losing time
I... see just like the wind
I... need to find some time
for me
If I pretend at night
I imagine to find
I'm haunted by the memory
of the love that once was mine
If I listen at night
I can still hear you say
I'm haunted by the memories
of a love that's gone astray
I'm haunted by your memory...

Poem by John A Isaacs
Centereach, NY

After The Morning

I never saw the stars pulling
Night light so from the nearly black
Earth as the morning I finally let you go
In the beginning I thought how wonderful
A poem is the sky
But then I remembered that
You don't deserve another song from me,
However cold, however free.
Hear those words I wrote?
Those words I gave to you?
"You can never un-ring a bell"
I once read in enshrined chaos
To have no meaning for me
But after today. After the morning.
Somehow in that oddly bright leftover night
I recall your tears, your voice and your sighs.
But in my vacuous heart it somehow remains
Uneven, because to remember one
is to forsake the others.
To forsake the reasons.
To forsake the reason curling through my soul
In a basking aura of sliver, blue and gold,
I want of edge as it shrinks without loosing.

Poem by Chris Frass
Highlands Ranch, CO

Love You Yes...I Guess...Less

There's this distance I feel,
it's strained and tight
I don't know what pain is worse...
the pain
of not having you close to me
or the pain where you are close
and I am in constant fear
of you walking away.
I love you y'know...
'fraid and 'lone
in this loveless fight,
trying to rationalize,
trying to feel from afar,
I want to be there for you,
with you,
laughing in love's way.
But, I've got to find me,
'member who I am,
what it was...
I was after.
Laughter and thought.
Somehow,
someway it got so taunt.
I love you, yes!
Yet, there's this need to chill,
listen to the voices
interrupting at will,
grab my.... lifeline,
hold myself lifeless
for awhile.
Hey, 'member your smile
turned frown
turned hatred,
turn 'round.
I remember form and shape
bodyscape
hearts pounding,
willing wanting
I'm just so fucking intense!
Want it all, all together,
all apart, all of it.
Won't settle for less.
God, help me 'rase this mess?
I love you, yes!
Way beyond the confusion
that distorted our view...
beyond the same ole same ole
and way beyond the new!
But, I confess,
I guess...
I love you!... Yes!
But... less...

Poem by
JCGRAYTOO

HEARTBREAK

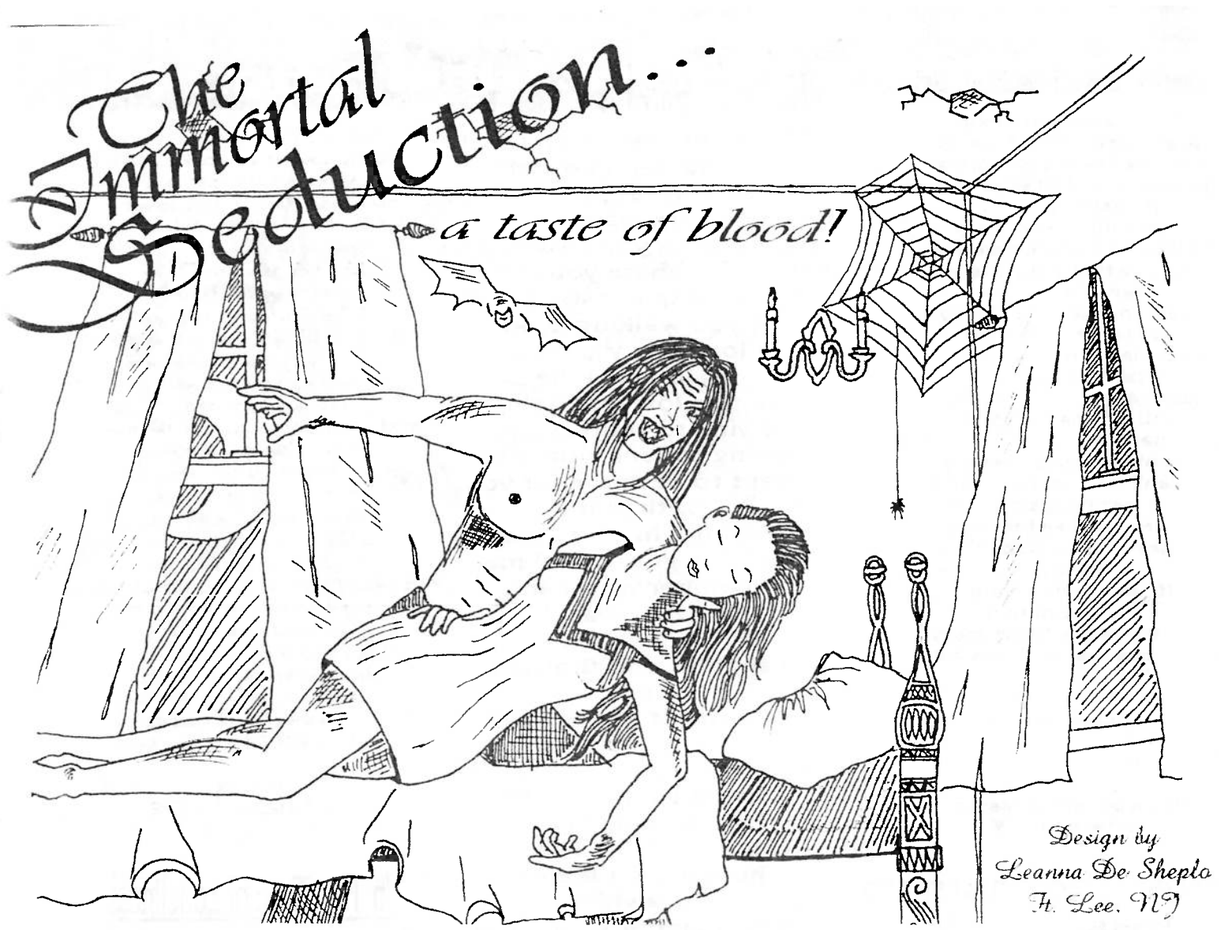
And if I gave you the ocean
would you let me wash away?
Never really told you
all those things I had to say.
Now we both have others...
Wonder if you ever cared
Did you think about me
when I wasn't there?
When I tried to tell you
did you know I was for real?
Will you ever leave him?
Tell me how you feel.
Do you know that I
still think about you all the time?
When I do get lovin'...
you're the one that's on my mind.
And I think about you.
And I know I want you.
And I know I need you.
But I cannot have you...
And when I asked if you thought of me
you turned to me with such a stare.
This would be the time
when I chose not to even care.
Now we speak so rarely,
pass you by all of the time.
I am through with caring...
one less hill I have to climb.

Lyrics by
SCARRED 4 LIFE
Ft. Lee, NJ

In This Time of Loneliness

The sun washes away my everpowering tears.
Everywhere is the sight and sound
and every memory shines.
I'm so alone in thy shame.
How will I ever know if you remember me
in this time of loneliness?
It is so long, my heart aches
through the sound of happiness.
This time of loneliness
will never destroy my love for you.
My heart gave up,
my heart shall never.
Everyday my heart grows to a weaker position.
I will always walk alone,
never close my eyes.
And in this time...
your shadow of your departure will
never take my love away in loneliness.

Poem by Theresa Trosinski
Metuchen, NJ



Design by
Leanna De Sheplo
Ft. Lee, NJ

IMMORTAL

It can never happen to me
I can never die
I am Immortal
The undying
The undead
I can never escape
what's
inside my own head
For I am the Vampire
of my time
Feeding on you while you
plead for your life
I lie in my black tomb
while the sunlight
seals my doom
Until I rise again
to find you
and feed once again

Poem by Jackie Cline
Oklahoma City, Ok

Kalika
Vampire Queen,
You black-blood suicide slut.
Goddess of Destruction.
I hate you so fucking much...
It just turns to love.
Bitch of Bitchness.
Your Highness,
I'm so high I cannot walk.
Get off your lanky ass
and show your shit.
Do that thing
you know I hate.
Piss me off a little more,
You're so fucking good at it!

Poem by Chrissy Fraser
CANADA

Night time comes so quickly
and blankets the land,
Creatures of the Night are walking
among us once again
and they prey upon the living
like so much cattle.
My blood is no longer mine,
it's a mix of victims
of ten centuries
and hidden ghouls who watch
are sleeping corpses.
Beware of our special powers
even when we are slumbering
for we are Immortal
and even in our deathlike sleep
we are BETTER than you!

Poem by
Fred Sherman
Lake George, NY

FALLEN ANGELS

I SIT HERE WAITING FOR MY DARK WINGED ANGEL
THE ANGEL THAT MAKES ALL OTHERS WEEP
HIS DARK WAYS... HIS DARK LOVE
I AM DEATH'S BRIDE.
MY LOVE FOR HIM SO COLD AND DEEP
HE TOOK MY HAND AND SHOWED ME TO HIS CASTLE
HE TOOK AWAY MY SORROW AND PAIN
HE WRAPPED HIS BLACK WINGS
AROUND ME AND SHOWED ME HIS LOVE
AND NOW MY SWEET BLOOD I MUST LET HIM DRAIN
DREAMS COME TO ME IN THIS MOMENT OF BLISS
I FEEL MY MORTAL LIFE BEGIN TO LEAVE ME
THE TASTE OF HIS WARM BLOOD ON MY LIPS
HE GAVE TO ME HIS LUST AND HIS ECSTACY
AS I LIE HERE STILL IN MY COFFIN
THINKING OF HIS DARK AND BEAUTIFUL EYES
AND OF THE KISS HE GAVE TO ME
NOW I WAIT FOR MY FALLEN ANGEL TO RISE
HE COMES TO ME AND TELLS ME
TOGETHER WE ARE AS ONE
AND HE LEADS ME INTO THE COLD DARK NIGHT
WE DANCE UNDER THE STARS TO A MUSIC FAR AWAY
AND I LOOK AT HIS WHITE FACE,
THE MOON OUR ONLY LIGHT
I BEGIN TO FAINT AS THE HUNGER IN ME GROWS
HIS LONG SHARP TEETH, MORE FIERCE THAN MINE
AND INTO THE VILLAGE WE WILL GO
LOOKING FOR VICTIMS TO FEED ON AND TO DINE
TEARING THROATS OPEN ONE BY ONE
BLOOD GUSHING ONTO THE STREETS AND GROUNDS
SCREAMS SHATTERING IN MY EARS
NECKS BREAKING, BODIES FALLING, LOVELY SOUNDS
WE ARE FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT NOT HUMAN
AS SATISFIED AS WE ARE BY OUR KILL
WE GO LOOKING FOR MORE VICTIMS
TILL DAWN WE DRINK UNTIL WE HAVE HAD OUR FILL

POEM BY ASHLIE D. GILLIS
ESSEXVILLE, MI

ETERNAL LOVE

The soft glow of the candle illuminated his solemn face as I gazed down upon him. I tried to look my best for him. I wore a dress that embraced my form in shiny black velvet... his favorite scent of Christian Dior's 'Poison' on my throat.

He is sleeping when I come to him. He is always sleepeing. But can he feel my presence? Does he see me in his mind's eye as I come to him every night, liki a haunting dream?

When I take his hand in mine, I give it warmth... for he is always cold. I kiss his lips of ice, like an infant... he sleeps, oblivious to the love I bestow. His blood smells so sweet as I rake my nails across his flesh. It shimmers like a ruby stream in the silent candle's glow. I rest my head upon his quiet and bleeding chest. My sleeping love, so still, so beautiful, so cold.

My heart beats and echoes off of the stone walls like a voodoo drum. My faithful love awaits me in his dark Eternity. As dawn breaks, I must bid my 'farewell'. The morning shadows bring a sadness to his face, which had seemed expressionless before. My heart aches, and my eyes fill with burning tears. "I'm sorry, my love," I say to him. I say it every night, "But I could not stand to see you with another, when I lived my life for you."

My love shall be shunned no more... after one night of vengeanace wrought. My love now awaits only for me, in the solitude of his darkened tomb... in passion's endless sleep!

Story by Lisa Rosner Apple Creek, OH

Evil Fantasy

(Dedicated to Jennifer Miller)

Saw you dancing in the pale moonlight
enfold you in my wings and it feels so right
Vision of lust that I can't deny
Only want your love, I'll never question why
Take my hand and your dreams will come true
This trip through evil is waiting for you
Forces of the wind that control your heart
Marriage draped in blood, for we'll never part
Can you tame this beast and break my chains?
Wicked desire that will never be the same
I control the night and your destiny
I am who you wanted, Unholy... I am thee
Roamed the wasteland looking for my Queen
Lost without purpose, as if in a dream
Slaughtered the weaker, made my own Hell
Just a broken man, living in an empty shell
A King without a throne, damaged infamy
Until I saw your eyes... my own fantasy
Summons me forth, I can't let you go
Will you be my love now and forever more?
I will show you dreams you thought were not real
Illusions of lust that I know we feel
Holding each other and becoming as one
Path to immortalities just begun
I reach out to touch you and make you mine
Pleasure from this evil desire is what you'll find
Ritualistic love that knows no limitations
Awaiting my caress without no expectations
Deliver unto me your body and soul
I'll show you how our sins will lose control
Take my hand now, let's get lost in this desire
Consumate this act written by Unholy fire
Moans that echo in the night, a lustful rage
Emotions that are sated, breaking from their cage
Will you fly with me upon my Demon wings?
Revel in a love that's blessed in carnal sins
Can you grasp this love... our destiny?
You captured my heart... insanity
Taming this beast, no more misery
Silencing the pain, took my agony
Did you know that you're my fantasy?
Our love will last forever...
Past infinity

Poem by James 'Metal Warrior' Remington
Apple Creek, OH

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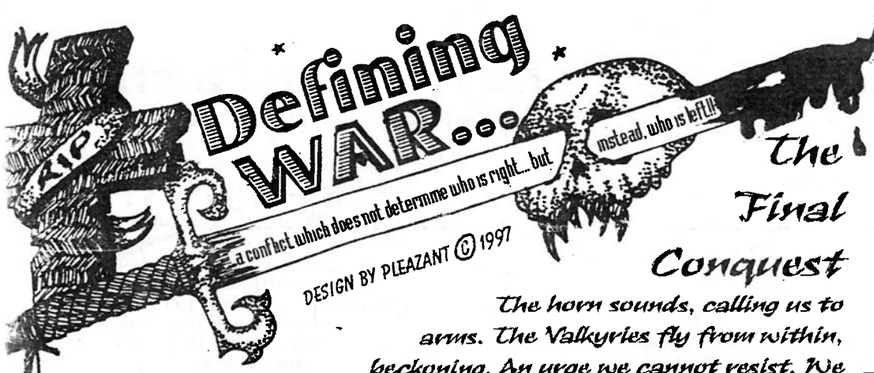
STIRRED EMOTIONS 1997



The Final Conquest

The horn sounds, calling us to arms. The Valkyries fly from within, beckoning. An urge we cannot resist. We sharpen our swords and sing our Death-chants, for the war on Earth is nigh. The sweet sound of steel clashing, and man's final shriek of demise sweeps through the red-stained valley, flooding my viens with intoxicating fury. The battle rages and Victory is within reach. Fear us, for we are the Doombringers and we shall slay your condemning hope. When our triumph is won, we shall re-joice, and give ourselves to our blades. For our conquest of Earth can only exist in Mfiankind's annihilation. So fear us, for we are the Godslyers and we are armageddon bound.

Poem by Jason Bozeman Richmond, VA

SET IT FREE

This land is owned by no one
but so many claim it's theirs
We fought and killed for nothing
And shed so many tears
Instead of calling War
Why can't we learn to share?
Why label one another
when you know that we should care?
What's so important about color?
Why don't you bore your eyes within
And if look really closely
We all have the same skin
Why shield one from love
If they care for another race?
Their happiness is not yours
that's written on their face
So many act upon hate
as some hide in a shell
but in the end it's going to cost
Our world will start to rebel
Why feel what we do now
for what happened long ago?
Can't we bury the hatchet
and teach our hearts to grow?
For our world to live in Peace
it's amazing how it can be
Just start to spread your wings of love
And set our Hate FREE!

Poem by
Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

Please help
For everyone has hated
Hated for nothing
The pain of them all
Swells within
The deepest crevice
Of the darkest undertone
Evil has taken over
Taking everything in its path
Swallowing the love
Of so many
Killing the hope of the saviors
And believers
Love is no more
It has faded
Into the deepest depth
Of pain
The bottomless dread of hate
Evil scratches at the soul
Hate eats at the heart
Luve digs deep into mankind
But has no meaning to anyone
They can't be replaced
Through hope or faith
Even if we try...

Poem by Wendy Breese
Milwaukee, WI

Carry me on your wings,
As I mumble with angst,
And reach for joy,
And the ability to shine.
Let me run through your
Meadows of healing,
As I look at your moon,
And hope to be calmed.
Lift me up from,
These shadows of Darkness,
And dampness of tears,
As I hide from the night.
Show me the way,
Through your maze of Hatred
For it's strength that I need,
And Peace that I crave.

Poem by Amy Williams
Bryan, TX

ENJOY YOUR CONQUEST OF THE AMERICAS.
LIVE IT UP.
ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY.
I DO NOT CELEBRATE.
I WILL NOT OBSERVE YOUR DAY.
INSTEAD...
I WILL WISH FOR A NATIONAL DAY OF RESPECT FOR MY PEOPLE.
THAT WILL BE OBSERVED AND CELEBRATED.
MY PEOPLE SMILING.
I WILL GRIEVE FOR THE DEAD.
AND...
I WILL MOURN ALL THOSE WHO HAVE DIED IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM.

POEM BY
JOHN CYNEWULF MORRIS
APPLECREEK, OH

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Each member of CHAOS THEORY puts all of their heart and soul into, not only every song, but every thing they do as a band. Drawing on personal experiences for song lyrics, the band intends to stay in touch with the realities of life. Harsh topics, such as rape, suicide and the holocaust, are all topics in which the members of CHAOS THEORY feel very strongly about.

CHAOS THEORY WANTS TO BE THE FUTURE OF HEAVY METAL... NOT A MEMEORY OF THE GLORY DAYS!

UNRECOGNIZABLE

With each passing instant I grow more numb
To the stranger things that have become
Replacing heroes with mere mortal men
The pain is calling me back again
I'd kill tomorrow for yesterday
When the nights turned a darkened shade
The deepest wounds are passing dreams
You'll scratch the scars until they bleed
I'm so damn close to breaking the skin
To bleed out the evil spirits within
We are the victims of our own demise
The will of the masses was all lies
Time has eroded your mystery
Life no longer has a grip on me
All around me the mirrors lie
Things I do not recognize
Take the blinders from my eyes
Still I do not reconize
Unrecognizable
There's a sorrow that runs deeper than loss
When there's no point to get across
I call from the road I'm on
The voice I hear is not my own
I'm so damn close to breaking the skin
To bleed out the evil spirits within
We are the victims of our own demise
The will of the masses was all lies
Time has eroded your mystery
Life no longer has a grip on me
All around me the mirrors lie
Things I do not recognize
Take the blinders from my eyes
Still I do not recognize
Unrecognizable

Lyrics by Dan Altobelli

KEEP THE MUSIC EVIL!!!

Savage

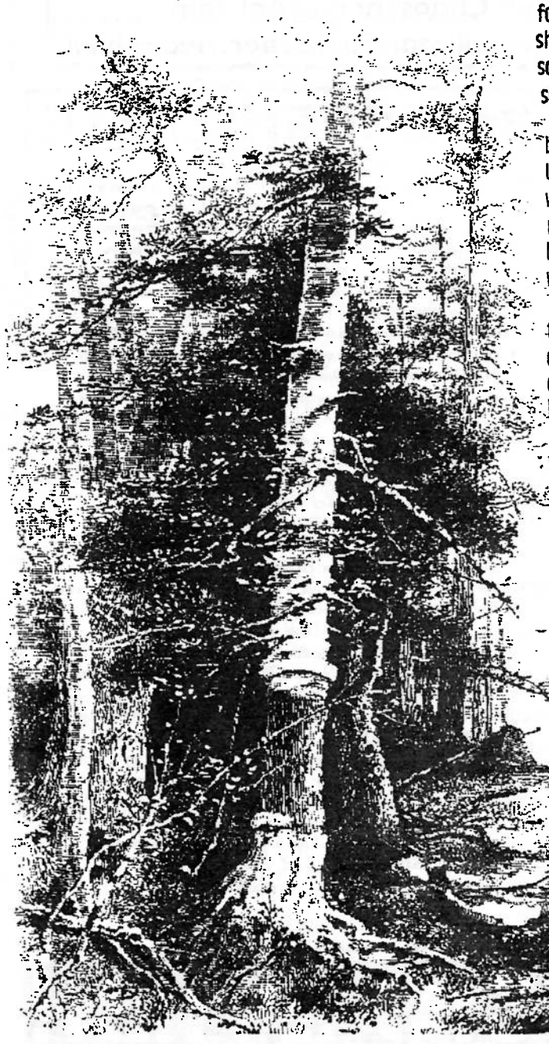
Story by Jessica Aldridge Applecreek, OH

"Injun savage!"

I heard the shout and stood up and looked in the direction of the voice. My feathers blew with my long black hair in the wind. I saw him; a white man, coming at me. He carried a long knife in his hand and a wildfire of hatred in his eyes. I looked around, no one was in sight. I had wandered too far from my village in search of herbs to take to the medicine man.

I panicked and begun to run, but he caught up with me quickly and knocked me to the ground. My face hit the dirt, and I could taste it along with the blood that was flowing down from my busted nose. He rolled me over and looked directly into my eyes. Although I am a proud and defiant woman, I trembled, for never have I seen such a menacing hatred in anyone's eyes. I knew that he had every intention of killing me. But, along with the hatred in his eyes, there was pain and even a touch of fear. "Your blood for hers!" he growled, raising the knife.

I threw my head back and emitted the cry of the banshee with all my might. Startled, the man stumbled back. I took advantage of the situation by kicking the knife from his hand with my foot. He scrambled to retrieve it, but this time, I was the faster one. I uttered a quick prayer to the Great Spirit, turned and drove the knife directly into his heart. Tears fell from his eyes and for a moment, I felt sorry for him, although I didn't know why, or if I even should. I looked once more into his eyes. They were frozen with Death, yet somehow, the look of pain remained, Maybe in a way, death was what he sought all along.



In the distance, I heard a faint cry. Still carrying the knife, stained with blood of the white man, I began to walk in the direction of the sound. Upon the hill, I saw a wagon. Hitched onto it were two beautiful horses, which would be a fine gift to my family. But, I knew it was not the horses making that cry. I hurried over to the wagon and looked inside. I caught my breath at the sight. Bundled up in thick blankets was an infant child. The white man's son.

Suddenly, it all became clear to me. I understood. The child's mother, the white man's wife, had earlier been raped and killed by a young and overzealous Indian brave. Not of my tribe, but the white man had no way of knowing that. All he knew was that I was an Indian, and a chance for him to gain his revenge.

I took the baby into my arms and cradled him close to my breast. I would care for him now as if he were my own. I didn't care if anyone from my tribe protested. It was now my obligation to this innocent child. Oh, if children could only remain innocent. If only they could grow up in this world, never having to taste the bitterness of hatred and prejudice. Tears fall from my eyes as I realized that it did not matter what the color of skin may be; white, black, red, yellow... the human animal is the true and most savage beast of them all!

DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS 1997

"Passion is the evil in adultery. If a man has NO oppurtunity of living with another man's wife, but if it were obvious for some reason that he would like to do so, and would do so if he could, he is no less guilty than if he was caught in the act." – Saint Augustine (354-430)

A Lover's Sestina

Poem by Deborah Keller Merrerville, NJ Design by STIRRED EMOTIONS (c)1997

I say I never said I was an angel...
Just a silly girl, and just your lover.
And, yeah, I guess I wonder what you want from me.
In my pocket, a single copper coin
rubs against a piece of old and sticky gum
and a cigarette too crushed to smoke.

But you laugh and love me as we smoke your cigarettes.
You say, "Hey angel, don't go,"
and reach to kiss my sticky fingers.
I smile and know why you're my lover.
You're not around for that silly coin...
And maybe it could be me that you want.

You ask, though you know I can't or won't refuse you
even if you're shrouded in the smoke of deception.
I see you're golden eyes like coins through it all...
The eyes of an angel...
Primal eyes of the Dreamtime, of a lover
enlightened and deep within me, soft and sticky.

You find a pack of gum and give me a stick.
"He just couldn't know," I think, but I want
to tell you, show you, to enter with love
or even wind to blow away that cruel smoke...
To fight your demons, playing Michael, archangel for you...
To pay in spirit, not with a coin.

I try to go quietly now, but "Why are you going?",
you ask with those eyes, misty and sticky with sleep.
I don't say because I'm scared and she'll
be home soon... because I know you don't want
to remember that we should hide the black smoke
of our guilt and lust from her, in name... your lover.

You don't need to say that you don't love her anymore,
and I can stop the coy and cute act...
veiled thinly behind tobacco smoke and fear.
My hands and lips are puffed and sticky
from your too hard kisses, and still I don't want to go.
You're still sweet decadence, my quiet angel.

But, I'm no angel or even your real lover,
so I leave and want you, pressing that coin
into your sticky palm and vanishing like so much smoke.

KAVA KAVA

My Mother has a Husband
Not my Father,
just her Husband
He is sleeping
on the couch
He is snoring
He wakes up
He goes to bed
My Mother wakes up
She walks out to the couch
And falls asleep
You see, couches are evil
My Mother and Father
had an orange couch...
If I had a Husband
I would throw away
my couch
Right out the window
SMASH!
Because I am smart
and I know the truth
about couches
If you know anybody
who is getting married
PLEASE DO NOT
buy them a couch

Thank You!

Poem by
Sarah Rain Starr
Boynton Beach, FL

A Rare Breed of Love

They stand there.
In the sweet summer air.
Forbidden lovers.
In a hostile land.
Lost lovers.
Not lost love.
For they are
a rare breed of people.
They have
a rare breed of love.
One that lasts
through time.
One that lasts
through fear.
When they are apart,
they are never
far from one another.
For their love
is stronger
than any other.

Poem by
Jen Marshall
Apple Creek, OH

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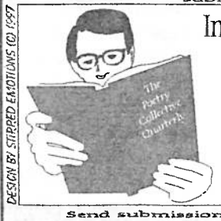

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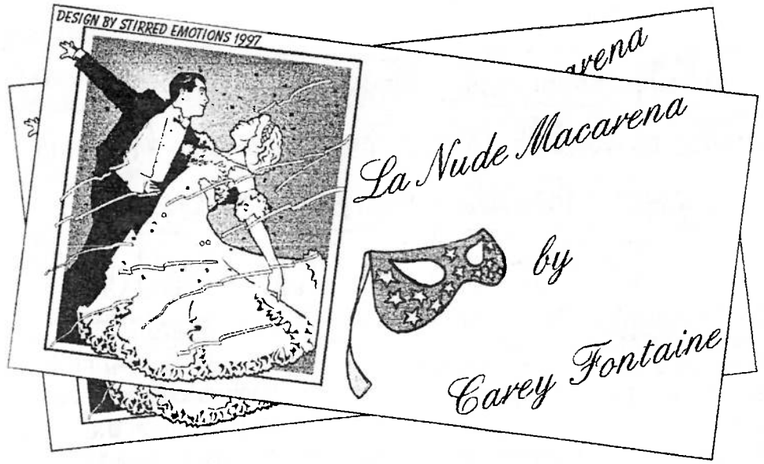

Little green men, goblin, witches and ghosts scurried about on Fountain Square as Eric made his way to Drymon Bank's Annual Halloween Bash in the Westin Hotel. A slight chill hovered in the air. Eric glimpsed down at the cobblestones and noticed they were dark, shiny and wet. Four hours ago, it had rained, he thought to himself.

Eric always wore black or blue Brooks Brothers suits. Tonight he had on black, and a white shirt with a formal red tie. He did not have any candy in his pant's pockets, only two half-silver dollars -- a regular one and a new collectable worth fifty bucks. He meant to leave the collectable, wrapped in a plastic baggy with an identifying sticker attached, in the car, but forgot.

If he picked his spots carefully, he figured, he could avoid the little monsters. However, a sixteen-year-old teenage witch, just reaching the Square, made a beeline for him. Eric hurried to avoid her. Then suddenly -- "Humph...Trick or Treat." Eric turned around. "Sorry," said the little Casper ghost covered from head to toe in a white sheet. Only vulnerable blue eyes gave her humanness.

From her voice, Eric guessed she was a female Casper, about eight years old. "No...It's quite all right." She held out her orange bag. Eric smiled, reached into his pocket and pulled out the collectable and dropped it in. "Plink."

"Thank You, Sir," the female Casper replied, floating on to another scarce adult standing nearby with a large bag of candy. He went on, able to avoid the teenage witch who stopped another woman handing out oversized, orange and black candy canes.

Nevertheless, on most days, Eric Tavor was your typical bad boy. Two years ago, at thirty-five, he became CEO of Drymon Bank. He was smart, suave and possessed Valentino-good looks. Eric's eyes were light-gray and he was a master in *THE ART OF THE BEDCHAMBER* when it came to quickie office sex. All the women secretaries of Drymon wanted to be near him, be his best friend, have his baby. They wanted to marry him too. Many received invitations to his office after hours and numerous had affairs with him in a feeble attempt to persuade the young Pygmalion's romantic plans.

But Eric Tavor was not having any of their nonsense. He always practiced proper condom sense. His condoms never broke or leaked. He never let love go to his head, because he regulated it to the bottom, crowded by layers of his cold heart.

Besides, thought Eric, over the past two years, he had seen the young vixens dance the Macarena at Drymon's Annual Halloween Bash downstairs from his high balcony overlooking the lobby. The vixens shook their buxom breast, wiggled their sensuous hips, and crossed their chest with their hands to the seductive Macarena music. Of course, Eric would say to the male vice-president, "I cannot believe women want to be prostitutes." To which the vice-president would reply, "It's a woman's nature."

So as Eric finished walking across Cincinnati's Fountain Square on this Halloween night and crossed Fourth Street to enter Westin, he could see the mass of people, at times swimming, at times drowning, as they did the Macarena. Blaring Macarena meters began to exercise eardrums. Fragmented conversations grew as did the laughter, and sounds of Drymon employees introducing themselves to each others' friends. Myriad colors stopped blurring and masquerade forms took shape before his eyes: He saw Mary Poppins doing the Macarena; Clara Barton of the Red Cross doing the Macarena, and Dorothy of Oz, and Marilyn Monroe doing the sexy dance too. Frankenstien, Dracula and Batman did the Macarena also, but to Eric only women could capture the Spanish dance's sauciness.

"Hi Mr. Tavor," said a cheerful Mortgage Bank Manager named Eliza Ricco doing the Macarena near the lobby door. "Do you...," and she turned around to the music, "want to dance...the Macarena with me?"

"No, Ms. Ricco," Eric said passing her quickly as he fought his way toward the congested center of the dancing throng.

Mr. Tavor always threaded straight through the dancing multitude, nonverbally, running his handrs through his dark hair, thumbing his nose at the underlings, especially the underlings of the female sex. The women smiled and kept dancing, ignoring his prudishness. Although, many more grabbed at him, asking him to dance as their bizarre disguises set them apart: There was Madonna in a metallic slinky dress, complete with an empire-cone hair piece sprouting a blond hair ponytail, Lisa Presley, Mrs. Simpsons, Captain Janeway from Star Trek Voyager, Dr. Quinn Medicine Woman, former flapper Blondie Boopadoop of the comic strip "Blondie," and Diane Sawyer (masked) all seeking him for a dance partner, even abonding their own equally famous male partners for him.

One particular cutie dressed as Scarlet O'Hara sauntered over in rhythm towards Eric as he shuffled through the heart of the dancing madness.

Over deafening noise, Scarlet cooed in perfect southern drawl, "Mr. Tavor, would you mind dancing with me," while fluttering a hand fan that covered every inch of her face, except her passionate cobalt-blue eyes. To Eric, she sounded drunk with happiness or maybe to much to drink.

He took in her full-white cotillion dress. He appraised her southern beauty. Scarlet, Riva Hedstrom, turned down his first sexual offer six months ago. She said, "I can't think about this now. I'll go crazy if I do. I'll...I'll think about it tomorrow." Then she winked. "After all tomorrow is another day." Maybe this was tomorrow, Eric thought. He grinned inside. Outside, however, his face was aloof and disinterested.

"Let's dance...the Macarena." Scarlet continued. "This is the sixth...time they've...played...it," she said simulating the dance moves.

Scarlet started throwing her left, then her right hand out in front, towards Eric. She flipped her hands over. She smiled and crossed her arms over her busty chest. She touched her coiffured hairdo and flaunted herself, turning around in a withering motion that reminded Eric of the sex act. Her antebellum dress caressed his black Brooks Brother pants leg. "It's mighty sexy..., Mr. Tavor," and she spun back facing him and touched his hand.

Eric always believed in the Euripides rule, "A man's strength endures, while the bloom of beauty quickly leaves the woman's form." Even though he was thinking, Ms. Hedstrom was only a young executive secretary to his unmarried, virginal (reportedly) International Bank Manager, Chastity Seabright, he couldn't help thinking how innocent Riva was as Miss Scarlet. Innocence in a woman was Eric's Achilles heel. A woman controlled by outside circumstances, a flower in full bloom. A slutty delicate brunette thing, he surmised, with her heaving, buxom breast, hip and stomach bound in a tight corset as she swiveled her hip to the Macarena beat.

Mr. Tavor stopped. His dark eyebrows narrowed in his patented "love stare" as he took in more of Riva's undulating movements. They began dancing.

Eric never remembered the Macarena being so relaxing and relieving. He kept touching Scarlet, Ms. Hedstrom, as they danced.

"Look who is on the dance floor," the DJ announced over the crowded hotel lobby. "It's Mr. Tavor himself." The crowd turned towards the center and watched Scarlet and Mr. Tavor doing the Macarena. "It must be the spirit of Ol Hallows Eve that made him do it." The crowd laughed. Louder music blared as the DJ upped the bass and treble.

Then the DJ played the Macarena again. Again he played it. Mr. Tavor kept dancing with Madonna, now Lisa Presley, then Mrs. Simpsons, and Dorothy of Oz, Captain Janeway, Mary Poppins, Dr. Quinn, Marilyn Monroe, Blondie, Clara Barton and Diane Sawyer. All of them cutting in on one another.

Finally, Ms. Chastity Seabright held out her pale smooth hand. Eric detected how her blue eyes sparkled and her pupils dilated. Ms. Seabright possessed the ideal female ballerina body. She dressed as the caged lady peacock Coffee dancer in the second act of PBS's version of E.T.S. Hoffman's *NUTCRACKER BALLET,* with fluffy plumage attached to the small of her back and in a tight full-body pink ballerina costume. Her two points pressed harder against her poured on costume. Wisps of her carrot red hair stuck out from under the peacock ballerina cap with a miniature Roman soldier's plum on top and bullseye blue-green spot on each side.

Something warm came over Eric Tavor. Chastity Seabright's blue eyes beckoned him. The early Halloween night grew older, much older. People were leaving the Westin lobby, but Mr. Tavor continued to dance with Ms. Seabright. His thoughts began to focus on his office. He visualized her in his office doing what many secretaries and attractive women from other offices had done, dancing the LA NUDE MACARENA. He also entertained visions of having sex with Ms. Seabright. He had no doubts in his mind. Obviously, she was a slut. Why else would she be wearing the skintight peacock bird dance costume?

The DJ's face frowned as he alone remained with a black policeman as the "made-for-each-other-couple" danced. Until, after giving him a conspiratorial touch, Ms. Seabright finally said, "I'm sorry but it's late...I must be going. I had the most wonderful time dancing with you, Mr. Tavor."

"Please wait." Eric wanted to ask her up to his office. He tried to, but the passion for the music seized him whole. "Please...Ms. Seabright, go...right on...ahead. I'll see you...Monday morning. Eight o'clock sharp," he said winking his left eye as he kept dancing. "This is so much...fun. I must...continue."

A few minutes later, the DJ cut his Macarena music, but Eric feverent dance moves did not stop as the music reverberated louder in his ears. The DJ and cleaning crew was long gone by the time the policeman came up to the dancing Eric, now sweating, his red tie loosened around his neck.

"It's time to close up, Mr. Tavor. That is unless you want to keep on dancing?"

"Course...Orson. Go...right...on...ahead. Lock...the doors. I'll just be...in here dancing the...Macarena. God this feels...spiritual. I can't believe the power of this Macarena cadence."

Orson shook his head, lifted his hat and put it back on his head. "Man this is crazy," he whispered to himself. "Of course. I should call someone, a doctor, 911, or an exorcist; but after all, who am I to say what a young bank president can do in his own building?" Orson left and locked the doors, leaving Eric dancing, listening to a stark quiet lobby hall.

Eric Tavor's obsession to dance the Macarena renewed itself again and again after Orson left. Only the rising hypnotic beat of Ravel's *Bolero* could describe it. Tavor's feet hopped, his left arm went out, then his right; he crossed his arms over his chest. He discarded his red tie as he spun around to the sweet measure and counter measure of Macarena music that he alone heard.

Minutes later, something powerful unleashed itself inside him. He vividly recalled test from various Anais Ninn writings he read with pleasure. Fanny Hill memories sprang up from his subconscious. The Kama Sutra positions flashed in his mind: Vijrimbhitaka -- the Widely Yawning, the Ekabandha -- the Knot, known as doggy style in the West and Smarachakra -- Love's Wheel, supposedly the number one favorite of 90's women. Playboy and Penthouse pictorials danced before him in a mural of connected scenes.

Eric began to see all sorts of vixens from history, mainly courtesans and prostitutes, like Aspasia, the famous Hetaira and other women like Corinna, Lydia, Chloe, Messalina approaching him to dance. Hsueh Tao and Hsuan-chi materialized in his sights as well as the hexagram K'an, which means water, clouds, or woman on top, and Li, which means fire, light, or man on the bottom, symbolizing sexual union surfaced in his mind. He saw Agnes Sorel, Francioise de Chateaubriant, Giulia Farnese, Venozza dei Cattanei, Gente Seulcissiere, Diane de Poitiers, Nell Gwyn all in line waiting to dance with him. Madame de Pompadour, the Orange girls at Drury Lane, Moll Flanders and Kitty Fisher approved of Eric's dancing as they waited their turns. Gertrude Mahon, Harriette Wilson in *THE TREACHEROUS WATER REFLECTION* painting, Sarah Ensigne, Ella Rorich, Diamond Tooth Lil, Sadie Thompson, Cleopatra, and Anna De Chassaigne warmed up for Eric, and conversed with one another, chattering, impatient to Macarena dance with him.

High libido women Eric called them. They were exactly the kind of women he liked, enjoyed immensely. 'O what a Halloween night,' he said to himself! How lucky he was! he thought intensely. Chattering filled the lobby. Louder it grew. The lobby was filling up with women. As they came nearer, and became clearer, Eric Tavor, did not notice that he was becoming fainter and fainter to the world of the Westin lobby, the bank building he managed, and his life as Mr. Tavor, extraordinary lady's man.

Now Eric saw the women clear as he had seen Ms. Seabright. And he danced with the new endless Halloween guests one by one, and on and on for an eternity as he disappeared from the Westin lobby and into the mysterious world beyond.

AUTUMNAL

By Thomas Ligotti

DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS (C) 1997

When all the landscape is dying, descending fragrantly to Earth, we alone rise up. After light and warmth have passed from the world, when everyone stands melancholy at the graveside of nature, we alone return to keep them company. This is our season to be reborn. The supple swish of Summer trees has become a dry rattle in a cooling wind, and our ears begin to tingle as we lie dark and deep in our beds. Crinkled leaves scratch against our doors, call-in us from our lonely homes.

We drify groggily out of the shadows, comfortably rooted in oblivion... we do not particularly enjoy being pulled up into the burning air for the amusement of some unknown mischief maker, some cosmic prankster, master of the trick. But perhaps there is an old farm where once abundant fields, neatly rowed, now lie fallow and abandoned by all but a few straggly stalks. We witness the scene and, with what remains of our mouths, we smile. Beneath a sharp scythe of moon, we now become eager to fulfill ourselves.

We do not hate the living, no more than night hates the day; like them, we have been assigned a task which we must execute as best we can. However put out we may feel, we are hopelessly superstitious about shirking certain obligations, for there are some which even the power of a posthumous lethargy cannot refuse.

Thus, on nights when an icy rain is dripping from the eaves, when all barriers of light and luxuriance are down, our images appear to haunt and harrow. Crumpled silhouettes in doorways, crouching heaps in corners, emanciated shapes in cellars and attics -- suddenly lit by a flash of lightening? Or perhaps illumined by the passing flame of a candle, or the soft blue flush of moonlight. But there is really no shock, no surprise. The unfortunate witness of our insane truth were already driven half-wtless with dread anticipation. Our horror is an expected one, given the unnatural propensities of the season.

When the world goes gray on its way to white, every living heart summons us with its fear; and, if circumstances are favorable, we will answer. We take many as we can back to the grave with us, because that is our task. Our sensless cycle is out of nature's season... we go our own way, deviates of matter longing to bring an end to the charade of all season's, natural or supernatural.

And we are always dreaming of the day when all the fires of summer are defunct, when everyone like a shrivelled leaf sinks into the cooling ground of a sunless Earth, and when even the colors of Autumn have withered for the last time, dissolving into the desolate whiteness of an eternal Winter....

Ex-Mirror Mirror/Shadowgang guitarist iso

90'S STYLE HARD ROCK SINGER AND BASSIST
TO COMPLETE FOURSOME.

MUST

HAVE PRO GEAR AND ATTITUDE!
BETWEEN AGES 18-34.
NO B.S.

I HAVE PLAN AND MATERIAL TO CONQUER THE LOCAL SCENE AND BEYOND!

CONTACT KENNY AT:
(954) 961-5653
OR
(954) 405-9935

WANTED

SINGER/SONGWRITER/GUITARIST

For Poet/Lyricist/Bassist
searching for an Ardorous Axeman with an Angelic, Unique voice in need of Perverse Verse with which to web with their Resiliently Raging, Radical Notes and culminate into Copious Creation. Reminiscent of Townshend/Daltrey situation.

Desired MUST suffer from the following afflictions: Lennongitus, Thurstonitus, Hendrixia, Carpal Cobain Syndrome, Post Mark Arm/Steven Turner Drip, Malignant Malkmus Tumors and Stingosymatic Tendencies.

Desired MUST be baptized under Monsignor Farrel and Bishops Zack De La Rocha and Tom Morello. MUST have Pious Observation of the preachings of Minister Morrison, Parishioner Shannon Hoon and the Reverends Osbourne and Iommi.

Reward: Once found Wanted will fill key missing link for Near Future Four-Piece Original band of Musical Marauders who'll meld Quipping Satire with Melodic Mayhem.

Call Ron 5PM-10PM or leave message (201) 455-1714

* This is an actual job application someone submitted for a fast food establishment!! *
Contributed by Adam Darhling Hightstown, NJ

LUNCHTIME APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT LUNCHTIME

NAME: Greg Bulmash
DESIRED POSITION: Reclining!! Ha! Ha! But, seriously, whatever's available. If I were in a position to be picky, I wouldn't be applying here in the first place!
DESIRED SALARY: $185,000 a year plus stock options and a Michael Ovitz-style severance package. If that's not possible, make an offer and we can haggle.
EDUCATION: Yes!
LAST POSITION HELD: Target for middle-management hostility.
SALARY: Less than I'm worth.
MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT: My incredible collection of stolen pens and post-it notes.
REASON FOR LEAVING: It sucked.
HOURS AVAILABLE TO WORK: Any
PREFERRED HOURS: 1:30 - 3:30 PM... Mon., Tues., Thurs.
DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL SKILLS? Yes. But they're better suited to a more intimate environment.
MAY WE CONTACT YOUR PRESENT EMPLOYER? If I had one, would I be here?
DO YOU HAVE ANY PHYSICAL CONDITIONS THAT WOULD PROHIBIT YOU FROM LIFTING UP TO 50LBS.? Of what???
DO YOU HAVE A CAR? I think the more appropriate question here would be, "Do you have a car that runs????"
HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANY SPECIAL AWARDS OR RECOGONITION? I may already be a winner of the Publishers Clearinghouse Sweepstakes!!
DO YOU SMOKE? Only when set on fire.
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DOING IN FIVE YEARS? Living in Bimini with a fabulously wealthy supermodel who thinks I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread. Actually, I'd like to be doing that now....
DO YOU CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS TRUE AND COMPLETE TO THE BEST OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE? No... but I dare you to prove otherwise!!

SIGN HERE X.....Scorpio with Libra rising.....

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Then prepare yourself for
Volume 2. Issue 2.
To be unleashed **Jan/Feb 1998!**

To be a part of this creative adventure
send in your creations,
along with the enclosed order form
TODAY!!!

Deadline for submissions is January 5th, 1998